VOGUE

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This Is The

BRIDE'S NUMBER OF VOGUE

VOGUE remembers an Indian song to the effect that "The young green corn is springing and the temple bells are ringing, and the marriage month is drawing very near"; and this, putting aside the immaterial facts about green corn and temple bells, is the point which it wishes to emphasize in this number. Whatsoever things are tulle, whatsoever things are lace and satin, whatsoever things are lovely and of Paris report, Vogue exhorts you to think on these things. Those who have brides must prepare to dress them now, and with this in mind the Bride's Number appears with a train of wedding-gowns, and veils, and bridesmaid's dresses, and flowers, and lingerie, and jewels. In fact, everything has been thought of except the groom; he is one of the details that is left to the bride's discretion.

The Bride's Year-Book

In the "Bride's Year-Book," which includes all the space between pages 37 and 44, all the statistics available on the subject of weddings have been collected; and like the good old "Larousse pour tous"—that enchanted dictionary of our school-days—the illustrations are so fascinating that it's very difficult for any one to stop looking for them long enough to read the information which has been so carefully compiled. As for the bridesmaids—those charming creatures who are seen but not heard from—they have been given a special page of their own, and the matter of paging a boy to get the ring to the altar is set forth so explicitly that it loses all difficulties. Of course, like every drama, a wedding depends upon its mise en scène, and on page 65 are photographs of wedding decorations and arrangements of flowers, which will prove an inspiration for the solving of this rather perplexing question.

A War Income Trousseau

As almost every one nowadays is marrying, as well as dressing, on a war income, the war bride will probably turn first to pages 58 and 59, where the problem is discussed in all its delightful details.

One of the chief delights of a housewife-to-be is the buying of linens, but linens, nowadays, do not wander far from their European looms. One can go on the good old cake-and-bread French revolution principle, however, and buy lace, if there is no linen. Incidentally, by so doing, one helps the cause of the Belgian lacemakers, with great benefit to oneself, as the photographs on page 76 show. War charities claim every one's attention—even a bride's—and some of the New York charities in which women have sown the wind of unremitting work and energy, and are now reaping the whirlwind of splendid results, are described on pages 61 and 62, and page 63.

Vogue, which is in its element on such occasions, has worked hard for the bride and has left nothing undone to make the wedding a success. All it asks in return is the inestimable privilege of arranging the bride's veil—it will then be content to sit in an inconspicuous corner of the church and beam with delight all during the ceremony. On page 56 you can see why this seems a reasonable request and one which you will not refuse.

There is one veil of greater interest than the bride's; it is worn by the Red Cross nurse in her work for the "well-being of the wounded"; the Army salutes it, and the world pays it homage. Vogue is proud to be published this month under the cover of that veil.

VOL. 51. NO. 9 WHOLE NO. 1094

Cover Design by Porter Woodruff

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for

Late May, 1918

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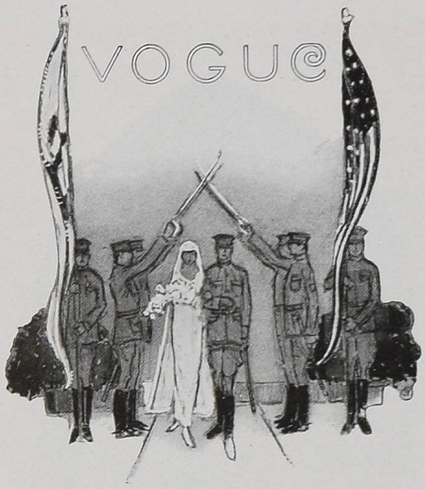
MISS ANNE MORGAN

Miss Anne Morgan has recently returned from France, where, with Mrs. Anne Dike, she has been in charge of the reconstruction work at Blérancourt, under the American Fund for French Wounded. Since Miss Morgan's return a new committee has been formed under the name of the American Committee for Devastated France, with Miss Morgan at its head. This committee will confine its work to the rehabilitation of devastated villages and homesteads—a work which has brought immeasurable comfort and relief to the suffering French people. The article on page 61 tells of Miss Morgan's work in France and of her plans for its continuation

VOGUE



A war wedding has even more opportunities of looking picturesque than other weddings; the custom of having the bridal party pass beneath crossed swords is one of its privileges

NEW YORK MARRIES UNDER THE SWORD

Brief Engagements, Scant Honeymoons, Military Weddings, Grooms Whose Uniformed Charms Rival the Bride

WAR has indeed added greatly to the picturesqueness of life. It has made of our streets a stirring panorama in which the accustomed throng of a great city forms but the unconsidered background for the gallant figures of men in the uniforms of many nations. It has made of our restaurants the appropriate setting for the first act of a brilliant drama, with here perhaps a young aviator, thrice decorated by his native Italy, stretching his slender length luxuriously as he puffs at a cigarette; there a veteran of the Marne smiling at a pretty girl in blue; and a little further on, gathered about a small table in what may be an important conference but what probably is a reunion of old friends, a chaplain of the navy, an ex-member of the cabinet, and a distinguished Englishman.

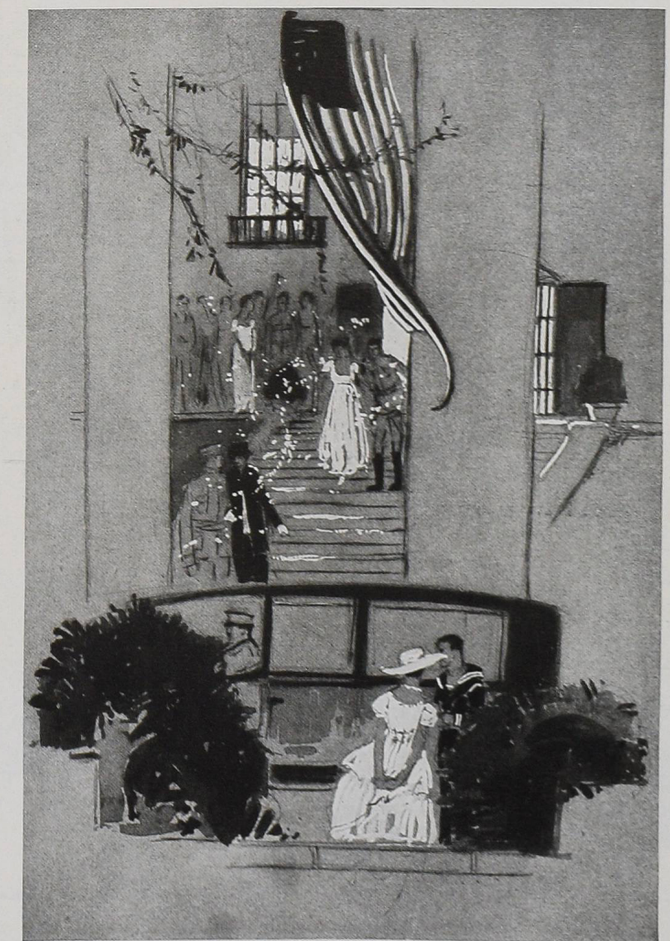
War has done all sorts of things to our private lives. It has swept away many old conventions and introduced many new ones. It is even said to be renewing the old time spirit of chivalry, but this is a mooted question and one to be dealt with gingerly — so few of us know whether we should care to have it revived. War has reduced social life to its lowest ebb. Almost the only types of diversion which remain are musical events (given mostly for charity) and weddings. Looking back over the season it seems to have been just one wedding after another, held at this church or that, ranging all the way from the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, perched on the rocky eminence of University Heights, to old Trinity, down in the dusky cañons of lower Broadway.

NEW TIMES—NEW MANNERS

For a wedding, and only for a wedding, can woman be counted upon to slip out of her canteen apron, the khaki of her motor ambulance corps uniform, or the white of her Red Cross costume, and into her smart street clothes. To the weddings of the season have trooped débutantes—or what would have been débutantes had there been no war—and dowagers, older men from governmental conferences, and young men on a few hours' leave from the nearby camps.

And such weddings as they have been—like to no weddings that America has looked upon before, at once more formal and less formal than the weddings of the past, emphasizing the picturesque quality of the day in almost every instance. In many cases—just as many as not—the bride has dispensed with the formality of white satin and lace, but compensation for the lack of picturesqueness in her attire is always to be found in the uniform of the groom and those of the ushers as well. Grooms, by the way, are becoming more and more conspicuous at weddings. Fair, indeed, must be the bride and bridesmaids who can cope with the charms of, say, a khaki-clad first lieutenant, a trim blue-uniformed ensign and a bronzed young member of the Aviation Corps.

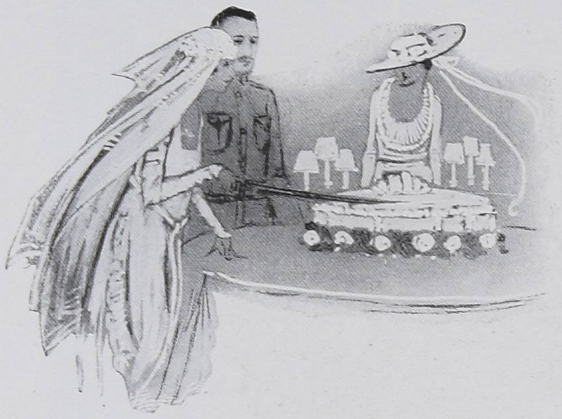
Not a few of these weddings have followed an engagement but forty-eight hours old; and for this event, which some women consider the most important in their lives, the bride must wear a costume such as she can purchase on so short notice, or such as her dressmaker can get together for her. She summons her guests by telephone, and, presto, the deed is done. The most hurried of the war-brides of the season have, as a rule, worn dark frocks of satin or of silk; dull blue is a favourite tone, and with this a large hat of some sort, into which there is not infrequently introduced a vivid note of colour. One eighteen-year-old débutante, who had hastily decided to become a bride, wore a dark blue frock, a scarlet hat, and—incongruity of incongruities — carried a large bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley tied with white tulle. This peculiar combination was only to be explained by the fact that the distracted groom had gone to his florist and ordered "a bouquet for a bride," whereupon the florist quite obviously did his bravest for the occasion.



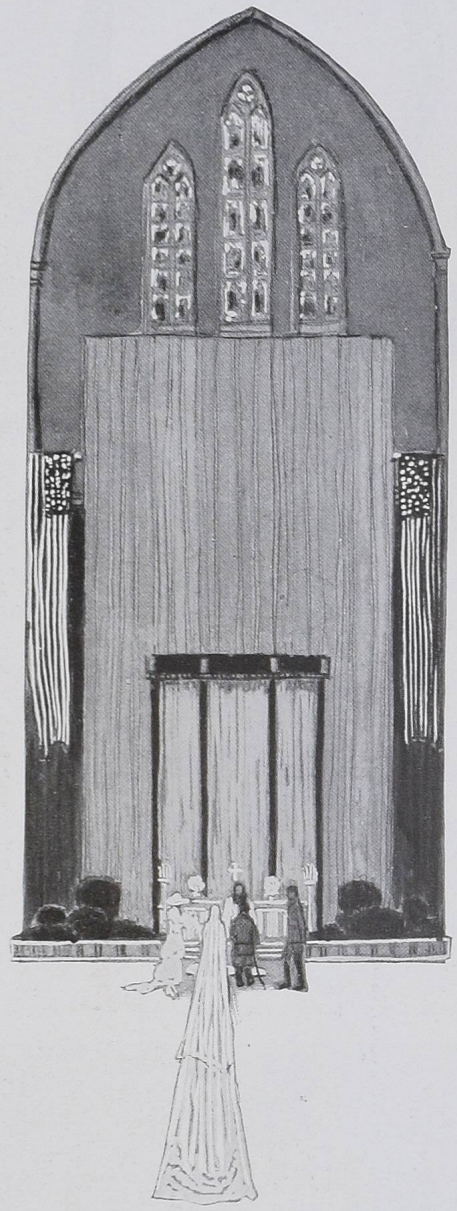
The war may have introduced flags and swords into the marriage service, but it has not been able to banish rice and rose leaves, and old slippers for luck

ANOTHER WEDDING AT SAINT THOMAS'S

Sometimes, when the wedding is less hurried, even though the white gown is dispensed with, there is a distinct note of formality to be observed. This was true of the wedding of Miss Marguerite Shonts to Captain Rutherfurd Bingham, U. S. R., held at Saint Thomas's, which church, by the way, continues to usurp the lion's share of smart weddings. Captain Bingham had just been appointed Secretary of the American Embassy to Denmark. The bride's sister, the Duchesse de Chaulnes, acted as matron of honour, and the little Duc de Chaulnes, as page. There was a distinct suggestion of formality about the wedding-party as it came up the aisle headed by the page bearing with great care the wedding-ring in a small bouquet of orange-blossoms. He was followed by the matron of honour and then by the bride, on the arm of her father. The matron of honour wore a slim closely draped gown of black velvet having a long pointed train, a



One of the charming prerogatives of the war bride permits her to cut her wedding-cake with her husband's sword



Just why Saint Thomas the Doubter should be beloved of brides, is one of those tantalizing mysteries, but his New York shrine still draws many of the smartest wedding-parties

At the New York wedding of to-day, the mother of the bride is frequently one of the smartest figures present

close hat of black velvet topped by many white curling ostrich feathers, a magnificent string of pearls, and cross-fox furs. Two crimson roses were caught to the front of her bodice. The bride's gown was a very simple one of tête de nègre velvet with exquisite cream coloured lace about the neck, which was cut low at the front. She wore a brown velvet hat and carried a small round bouquet of orange-blossoms with a frill and ends of yellowing old lace.

At weddings it is noticeable that the mother of the bride belongs to a well-recognized type, which is but another way of saying that the American woman in the intermediate years of life is possessed of certain generic characteristics. Many people consider her the most interesting type which our cosmopolitan civilization has produced. Certainly she has a distinction that younger women lack, and as a rule she dresses exceedingly well. A wedding is one of the few occasions upon which one sees a number of younger and older women assembled together, and one is much impressed with the smarter better-groomed appearance of the woman who is past her first youth. Her hat, which is usually small, is molded on the exact lines which are most becoming to her, and it is poised at exactly the most effective angle. Her veil is perfectly adjusted, her jewels—and the American woman who is no longer young wears very elaborate jewels in the daytime—are just such as will emphasize her best points and conceal her shortcomings. She is an artist when it comes to choosing between a single or a double string of pearls, a wide or narrow dog-collar, a band of brown tulle or of black velvet. The woman in her middle years never wears long earrings if close earrings are more becoming, and her furs are never brown when grey goes best with the tone of her skin. She knows just what lines to adopt in her gowns and whether or not she is the type which may wear buckles on her shoes. Of course, the older woman has the advantage of having had more years in which to have studied herself, but it is unquestionably true of the American woman that she has made the most of this timely advantage.

FLAGS, FLOWERS, AND SWORDS

At the war weddings there are flags. Sometimes there are flowers, too, but always there are flags—hung from the galleries, above the altar, or set in standards beside the chancel rail, the colours contrasting vividly with the neutral tones of the stone walls and pillars. There is even at times patriotic music. In the case of the wedding of a young ensign to a girl who had never been a débutante, but only just a bride, it was the Star Spangled Banner that brought the wedding-guests to their feet instead of the wedding-march which it preceded. At at least one New York wedding this season, the custom of having the wedding-party pass beneath crossed swords was featured. The groom, when he came from the chancel, was preceded by two standard-bearers, one carrying the United States flag and the other the flag of his regiment. These stood at the left during the ceremony and, just before the bride and groom left the altar, marched to the main aisle, where they stood, one on each side. Then the ushers, who were military men, lined up behind them, and, clapping on their caps, they drew out their swords and held them overhead while the bridal couple passed through.

At the wedding of Miss Marguerite Shonts to Captain Bingham, the bride's sister, the Duchesse de Chaulnes, acted as matron of honour and the small Duc de Chaulnes as page. The bride wore a simple gown of tête de nègre velvet with exquisite cream coloured lace about the neck

THE ARMY OR THE NAVY—WHICH?

One of the most picturesque weddings of the autumn was that of Miss Loraine Allen to Lieutenant Allan MacDougall at Morristown, where the bride's parents had recently built a new country home. The wedding was held in an English Gothic church hung with white birch boughs and flags, and was quite a formal affair with a full quota of bridesmaids and ushers. For the reception, the guests motored to the bride's home, "Glynallyn," a most interesting structure built on Tudor lines. The great hall, like the church, was hung with white birch boughs and smilax, with here and there the mauve pink and blue of hydrangeas to give a note of colour. The wedding-supper for the bridal party was served in a small morning-room opening off the great hall, where the bride cut the cake with her husband's sword. Afterwards there was dancing, and the bride and groom departed amid a shower of rice and rose-leaves. The setting for this wedding is shown at the bottom of page 65.

Another picturesque ceremony, this time in Washington, marked the wedding of Miss Margaret Fahnestock, daughter of Mrs. Gibson Fahnestock, to Sylvanus L. Stokes, Jr., U. S. N. R., at the Bethlehem Chapel of the Cathedral of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Lacking the flashing swords of an army wedding, this naval affair requisitioned a number of twelve-year-olds, dressed as sailors, who held long wands tipped with Easter lilies, under which the bridal party walked when leaving the church after the ceremony.

Baron de Meyer

A bride often wears the wedding-gown of her mother or grandmother, and adds its quaint charm to her own. What could be more lovely than this old French gown which makes a Manet portrait live before our eyes? The underdress and the coat are of deep old-ivory satin, and the latter is edged all around by a pleating of satin. In the back there is a very big bow of ribbon, which goes to help the charming contrast between the full sweeping skirt and the close bodice with its tight sleeves. The trimming used is very characteristic of the period, for in 1870 furbelows and ribbons were the outward and visible signs of an inward feminine grace. The veil of Brussels point-lace, from the Belgian Lace Commission, is worn over a high Spanish comb, and a narrow wreath of orange-blossoms holds it close against the head; floral decorations by Kottmiller

A Group of Pastels for a Bridal Cortège

A flesh coloured satin frock from Mollie O'Hara is veiled with cream lace and café au lait chiffon; in the back, panels of coffee coloured ribbon are turned in to form deep loops. The skirt is trimmed with bands and loops of the ribbon and a wide café au lait silk fringe. A pink silk rose is used at one side, and the pale pink Milan straw hat, trimmed with strands of pink wheat, has a brim of pleated tulle; hat from Joseph

Baron de Meyer

(Right) Rose Descat designed this set for a bridesmaid; the hat is made of curling rose petals of flesh coloured organdie, lined with rose organdie, and the parasol is of larger rose petals. The hat is banded under the chin with a strap of the two shades of organdie; from Joseph

A bridesmaid's gown of apple green chiffon and silver lace has a belt of silver ribbon trimmed with a garland of silk flowers in tinsel cloth and pastel shades of silk. The hat of pale pink straw with pink rosebuds around the crown is wreathed in white net edged with black lace. Narrow black picoted ribbon outlines the parasol of white net and lace; costume from Joseph

It's almost enough to make a man backslide into slackerdom to think of leaving a bride of such distractions. Her Carrickmacross veil is caught under a sophisticated bow-knot of diamonds set in platinum, surrounded with orange-blossoms. From this point the veil falls over one shoulder. It's a totally one-sided affair—and it's not on the side of the groom

JEWELS FOR THE BRIDE FROM CARTIER. LACES FROM MRS. RAYMOND BELL AND THE BELGIAN LACE COMMISSION

In accordance with the custom of her grandmother, white satin slippers carry the bride on her adventurous voyage down the aisle into matrimony. But to-day's slippers show a rosette of white chiffon with a centre of orange-blossoms to peep below her satin skirt. The prayer-book that lies so confidingly beside them on the old English Honiton veil is of white ivory with gold-tipped leaves and an engraved white cross on the cover; from Gorham. Slippers from Cammeyer

Baron de Meyer

The Bride of To-Day With the Veil of Long Ago and the Eyes of To-Morrow

Veils As Varied

As One's Proposals,

As Diaphanous As

One's First Love

Here Are Three

Ways to Face the

Day, the Hour,

And the Groom

(Below) The foundation of this Sicilianesque arrangement is a handkerchief of fine linen and appliqué lace, and the jewels that weight the ends are exquisite flexible diamond pendants designed by Cartier in the form of pine-cones. Every movement of the head brings a thousand glints of light from the swinging tassels

(Below) This charmingly demure effect is made by dropping the veil (really a small square shawl of very old Broochbel lace) softly over the bride's head, gathering the fulness in becoming folds close against the ears, and then covering them with flat blossoms of white velvet as the final touch to a picture of sheer loveliness

GOWN FROM KURZMAN

(Above) A cloud of tulle held to the head with a diamond band; a veil of Limerick lace patterned like a faint shadow, caught at the back with orange-blossoms; a gown of white satin, perfectly straight, with a bodice made of a wide band of satin ribbon finished with a straight piece of embroidery; an overdress of fine white net embroidered in crystal and pearl beads and silver thread; sleeves that are long and loose and formed from shoulder draperies of the net run into tight bands of the embroidery—it has attained that supreme achievement, dignified simplicity, because it is signed by a master's hand—Callot's

Baron de Meyer

The Bride Who Wears This Stately Wedding-Gown from Zahrah Seems to Step Straight from the Middle Ages to the Altar

As gleamingly white and as glitteringly silver as a path of moonlight is this wedding-gown, and like moonlight, too, it clothes the woman in romance. Its silver tissue glistens under soft white net the long straight length of the gown, and, on the bodice, pearls and white rhinestones twinkle like so many tiny stars. The white net veil, which envelops the bride and falls over the deep square panel train of silver cloth, has an unusual edging of silver net and, about the face, occasional tassels of shining pearls and crystal beads; posed at the Hotel Vanderbilt

This Gown for the War Bride Has the War-time Virtues of Being Ready Made and Inexpensive

MODEL FROM WANAMAKER

Baron de Meyer

A full-length view of this charming gown appears below. The hat (for the bride who does not desire the formality of the veil) begins by being a large shape of white lace braid, but dissolves into a cloud of tulle that envelopes the hat, falls over the brim, and hangs in long streamers over one shoulder

Just to prove to itself that neither limited time nor a limited purse need cheat the war bride of her traditional white satin and orange-blossoms, Vogue has found this altogether satisfactory solution of her problem. The gown is of soft satin. The surplice lines of the bodice cross in front and tie in a bow at the back with long ends that form the train. The skirt has a front drapery of white net finished with an appliqué band of thread lace. Swinging tassels of pearl beads weight the points of the bodice and net drapery, and the tulle veil is held by a twisted fillet of satin ribbon and orange-blossoms. This charming little wedding-gown and the tulle-trimmed hat shown above may both be purchased for less than one hundred dollars. The special war-time virtue of this model is that while it is every whit a wedding-gown, it will be a perfectly practical dinner gown for the trousseau

The little flower girl counts the wedding one of the happiest events in a happy child world. It is a time when she may wear a delightful frock of pale orchid organdie and a big white leghorn hat with black velvet streamers. There is a bit of embroidery at the neck, organdie-bound scallops edge the sleeves and skirt, and the orchid moire sash has long ends hanging at one side; from Miss Rice

The page is not the least important part of the wedding, for to him falls the guardianship of the ring on its white satin pillow. His little suit is of white satin, the straight coat edged with fluted bands of the material and collared and cuffed with Irish lace. Satin bows finish the straight tight trousers at the knees; from De Pinna

Baron de Meyer

The bride, looking as though she stepped straight out of a dream, has a gown of white satin with point d'Alençon lace from shoulder to hem. The bodice is a wide girdle with net and lace over the shoulders, and the veil is a cascade of lace and tulle over the sweeping court train. The tulle veil, deeply banded with lace, begins underneath the lace ruffle hanging from the cap of lace, outlined with orange-blossoms; setting from Hampton Shops

A Bride, Gowned by Mollie O'Hara, and Her Attendants Make an Enchanting Picture

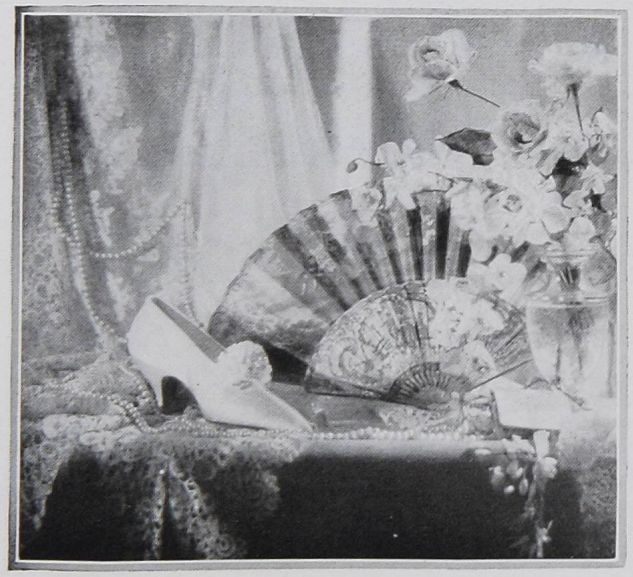
A Scrap of Priceless Lace, A Foam of Tulle, Can't Be Described But May Be Married

The Bride Who Inherits Even a Small Bit of Real Lace May Give it a Rôle In the Wedding

Her grandmother's circular collar of Limerick lace appliqué on tulle forms this fascinating Oriental face-veil which is drawn up in a snowy peak and held at the front by a superb bandeau of diamonds from Cartier. At the back the long tulle veil is held by a half circlet of orange-blossom, which meets the jewelled bandeau

(Left, below) This bride didn't need to spend a fortune on her veil, since a little real lace is often more effective than a great deal. A long collar of Flandre lace mounted on a tulle face-veil makes a headdress falling in folds on her shoulders, giving an effect that is almost Egyptian. Tulle is used in long indefinite lengths

Veils from the Orient, lace coronets from Belgium, and now the antique fan of a starry-eyed señorita. It is of painted parchment with mother-of-pearl sticks which are elaborately carved and gilded



The bride should have pearls, too,—a perfect string, of course,—and white satin slippers with rosettes of tulle and orange-blossoms. The veil is English Honiton lace, heirloom of a ducal house

CALLOT, LIKE WHISTLER, USES A BUTTERFLY SIGNATURE

You remember the butterfly that clings in the corner of Whistler's paintings and etchings, and flutters on the margins of the pages of "Ten O'clock"? Just such a floating bit of line and colour is this evening gown of Chinese blue satin, over which a petunia coloured cape of tulle spreads its glowing wings. Two spots of petunia fleck the slender body of this lovely creature, and a long petunia and blue streamer dangles behind her and winds itself gracefully about her feet. A necklace of black jet beads is attached to the front of the dress and is to the costume what the antennæ are to the butterfly—the last exquisite touch; from Thurn

Sun on the Avenue, violets on every corner, and, in a halted limousine, a glimpse of this hat of Nattier blue straw mysteriously veiled with a gossamer film of grey lace. It's not only the hat that is veiled—the eyes beneath it, too, look through the soft cobwebby mist that falls over the brim; hat from Alex

MODELS FROM THURN

Frail tulle is doing the work of sterner stuff, these days, even as frail woman is doing the work of sterner man. In this case, it makes a hat that excels both in size and in charm and, besides, it is the firm foundation for the band of curled ostrich which follows the long long trail round its broad brim

The cloud-wrack of black chiffon with which she faces the chill of a summer evening has an edging of monkey fur on each of its two tiers and a collar of more chiffon, and it wraps around her like a becoming mysterious mantle of night. Above and beneath the black halo of tulle which crowns her costume are two enormous queries from strands of paradise

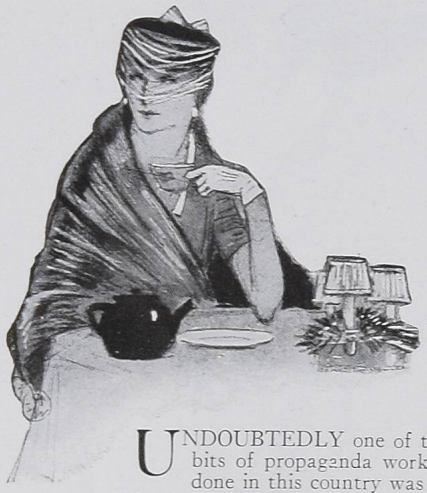
MODELS FROM THURN

This navy blue satin frock from Callot has blocked out its career in the squarest possible manner. Dull blocks alternate with bright and shiny ones, as, in fact, they do in almost all careers. Being a very independent frock, it has scorned the aid of any trimming at all and just tucked up its skirt in a truly Callot manner and proceeded on its fashionable way. The hat of black liséré straw, with a brim turned straight up at the back, has climbed to an amazingly high point of fashion in its startling crown of burnt goose feathers

Since Paris is caped and coated with impartiality, many suits have decided to perform both duties. This one from Lanvin is of black and white checked wool and its skirt is perfectly plain so that one may give undivided attention to its interesting upper half. From the front it is all coat, with deep patch pockets, and from the back it is all cape, with a deep tasselled hood. From the side, however, it is both, and there are black bone buttons which join the two. The Lewis hat worn with it is of taupe straw braid and taupe ribbon

NEW YORK INTERESTS COME BY WAY OF PARIS

From the French World of Art Are Paintings by A Distinguished Aviator Artist; from the World Of Fashion, Costumes That Are All but Sleeveless



An American just back from Paris gave short white gloves as a daring but chic answer to the question of what to wear with very short sleeves and an ermine cape

Ira L. Hill

The French aviator artist, Lieutenant Observateur Bombardier Henri Farré, Escadrille des Cigognes, was present at the private exhibition of his paintings at the Anderson Galleries

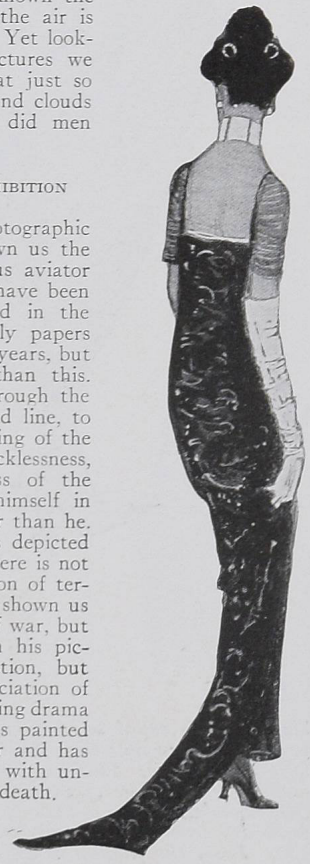
The Marquise de Polignac, wearing Australian opossum furs with her dull blue velvet suit, was seen at the Farré exhibition with the Duchess de Chaulnes whose tiny black hat had a striking flare of stiff white feathers

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most effective bits of propaganda work which has been done in this country was the exhibition at the Anderson Galleries of the paintings of Lieutenant Henri Farré, the French aviator artist. As war documents these pictures are of supreme importance, as paintings they are most interesting, as psychological studies they have a compelling fascination. Lieutenant Farré has painted a phase of life which to most of us is utterly unfamiliar. We have never looked down upon the earth through thousands of feet of atmosphere and seen that particular mauve brown tone which it assumes; we have never beheld from the perpendicular the blue of the sea through a haze of shell smoke; we have never seen below, above, and around us strata upon strata of clouds piled up in great wave-like embankments, and, above all, we have never known the new men to whom the air is as a native element. Yet looking upon Farré's pictures we know by instinct that just so did sea, and earth, and clouds appear and just so did men fight and die.

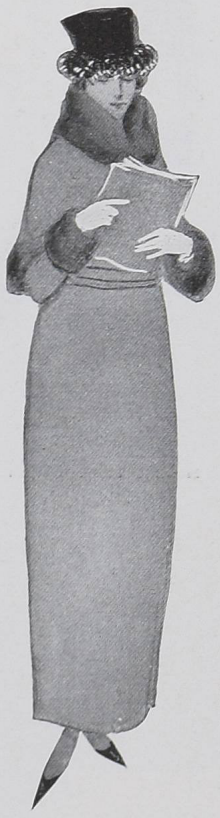
AT THE FARRÉ EXHIBITION

With almost photographic accuracy he has shown us the exploits of the various aviator heroes whose names have been prominently displayed in the headlines of our daily papers during the past four years, but he has done more than this. He has managed, through the medium of colour and line, to convey to us something of the superb spirit of recklessness, the utter fearlessness of the man who has lost himself in a thing that is bigger than he. Lieutenant Farré has depicted terrible things, yet there is not so much as a suspicion of terror in them. He has shown us some of the horrors of war, but there is no horror in his pictures. Without emotion, but with an entire appreciation of the dignity and thrilling drama of his subject, he has painted the life of the aviator and has stood by, as it were, with uncovered head at his death.

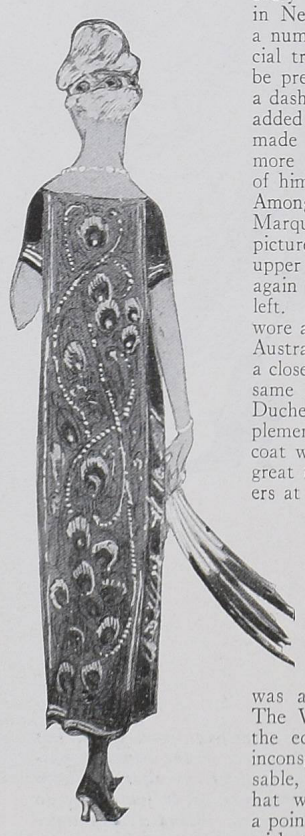
An appreciative group of people assembled for the private view which anticipated, by one day, the public exhibition of these important pictures. Upon no occasion this winter, probably, have so many distinguished people been gathered together. Practically every one of social importance in New York was there, and a number of people made special trips from Washington to be present. Lieutenant Farré, a dashing figure in his uniform, added a touch of realism which made the pictures seem all the more spirited. A photograph of him is shown on this page. Among the guests was the Marquise de Polignac, who is pictured in the sketch at the upper right of this page and again on page 66, at the lower left. At the exhibition, she wore a suit of dull blue velvet, Australian opossum furs, and a close hat with a veil. In the same sketch one sees the Duchess de Chaulnes, who supplemented her long sealskin coat with a tiny black hat; its great flare of stiff white feathers at the front stood up after the fashion of a barbaric head-dress. Her black gown had a high vest of white broadcloth, over which fell her wonderful pearls. Mrs. Howard Cushing, was a svelte figure in black. The V neck of her coat and the edge of the sleeves were inconspicuously bordered with sable, and she wore a black hat which was drawn out to a point at each side and tipped with three tiny tassels.



Mrs. James Lowell Putnam was a dignified figure in a gown of black and gold brocade with a square train and short sleeves



Miss Mary Cass Canfield, among the group that viewed the aviation paintings, wore a suit of terra-cotta cloth and beaver



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt was gorgeous in peacock colours, and there were peacock blue heels on her king's blue slippers

HERE ARE THREE VARIATIONS OF THE

MOST DISTINGUISHED CALLOT FEATURE

—THE SKIRT WITH SWEEPING DRAPERY

IT PLEASES THE HOUSE OF CALLOT TO

PUT TWO DARK COLOURS TOGETHER

AND CAREFULLY TO CONCEAL THE ELBOW

(Below) In this afternoon gown of navy blue satin Callot Sœurs have indulged a penchant for combining two colours—those uneven bands are of French blue satin—and also a genius for novel drapery. The credulous might even think that the skirt has not been stitched at all, but simply wrapped about the figure and draped softly up at one side after one of the several new fashions that this house is presenting this season. The blouse, which also fastens at the side and shows no fastening at the neck, is of loose kimono cut, and the sleeves, running from a line deep over the shoulder, are wide to below the elbow and worn with short white gloves

(Below) Lest any one be deceived by the Eton lines of this costume, it seems fairer to assert at the start that it is a one-piece frock that fastens at the back. It combines two lovely dark shades of faille—dark blue with cedar green for the tight underslip and the straight band around the uneven neck-line. The strange but wholly successful drapery is formed by a length of the material taking the longest route from one side of the back to the other, and it has a panel running over it in back and underneath in front. The frock is belted with crocheted silk cords, and under the loose sleeves are long tight undercuffs buttoning with black bone buttons

MODELS FROM ROHN AND RIENZO

This daytime frock of rough dark blue jersey silk is none the less lovely because it is self-trimmed and severely simple, as befits the times of war. Every line turns unexpectedly into something wholly new—the crushed belt accentuates the low waist-line, the blouse hangs loose in the back and loops in under at the sides, and the drapery of the skirt, which is shorter at the back than at the front, is wide across the hips and then tucked up under a narrow straight panel at the back. The loose kimono sleeves, be it noted, have tighter undersleeves, for Callot does not fancy an uncovered elbow; then there are short gloves to wear with these short sleeves, as a quaint and saving war-time fashion

FROM BOUÉ SOEURS COME TWO FILMY DINNER FROCKS AND FOR BRIDESMAIDS ANOTHER TWO THAT ARE QUAINT AND CHARMING

(Left) An evening gown of summery freshness and one with advantages of exceeding becomingness, is made of silver gauze and silver net and point-lace. The frock has a quaintly tight bodice and a skirt embroidered with tiny silk flowers in colours and with gold and silver stitching. Lengths of pale blue ribbon by their unexpected behaviour at the back give the effect of both a bustle and a train

(Right) Indispensable for such affairs as dinners on summer evenings, is a frock of turquoise blue faille under embroidered and filet-trimmed white batiste. Its button-in-the-back bodice is quaint, and its apron-like panels are quainter, while its pleated panel at the back is quaintest of all. As for its ribbons, they are almost perverse, for the pale blue belt stops at each side without ever reaching the back, and the turquoise blue sash is frankly a one-sided affair

The whole duty of a bridesmaid's frock is to be a becoming background for one romance and an inspiration for another. The frock at the left has dutifully made itself charming with shell pink batiste embroidered and trimmed with Valenciennes and filet lace and with navy blue chiffon at the skirt bottom and the side gores. The frock at the right has found more sedate but no less efficient means—pale orchid taffeta and an underskirt of embroidered ivory batiste. Its low neck-line is almost concealed under a discreet Quaker-like collar of batiste tied demurely with deep purple ribbons

"Fraîcheur," the designer calls it, for it has all the freshness and coolness of jonquils and daffodils in the crisp yellow organdie which makes it and the bands of white organdie which trim it. The billowy skirt speaks frankly of Lanvin—any other designer would have subdued it into slenderness, this season. The belt is of blue grosgrain ribbon, and blue and grey ribbon trims the hat—an affair of white organdie that coolly faces the summer sun

Paradoxical as it sounds, this cheerful frock, called "Corée," is very, very blue. It is shirred in various interesting places, and it has two gold embroidered panels which begin their career on the waist but which slip under the narrow belt and appear on the tunic, as well. The black hat is of fine straw with shirred rose ribbon around its broad and shady brim

The Parisienne can get along just so long without a frock of black and white, and then it is as inevitable as rain after a dry season and just as welcome. This foamy frock of white tulle is over a black satin underskirt, and its collar and cuffs are of black tulle. There is a jet belt and a jet apron which is not nearly as domestic as most members of the apron family

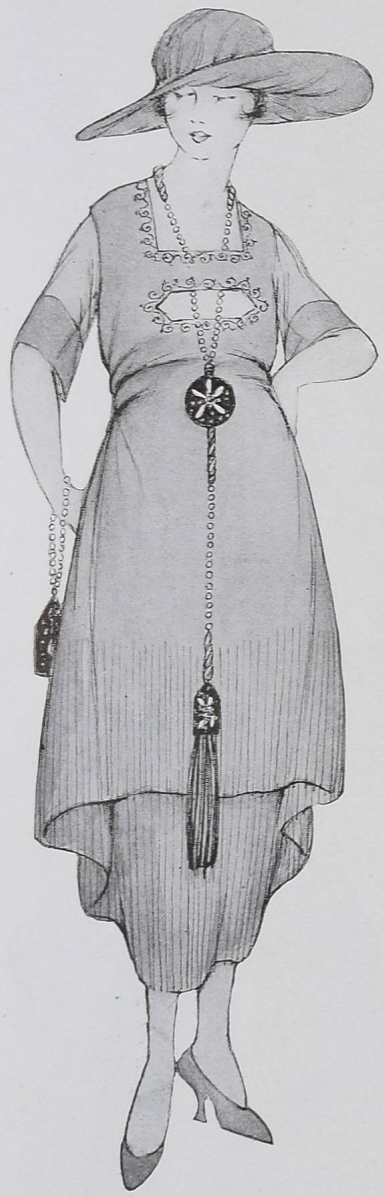
THESE LANVIN COSTUMES DESERT THE STRAIGHT WAY OF THE NEW SILHOUETTE IN FAVOUR OF A WINNING WAY OF THEIR OWN

A PAGE OF MODELS FROM WORTH AND MARTIAL

ET ARMAND SHOWS THAT SHORT SLEEVES AND

STREET DRESSES ARE AGAIN COMPANIONABLE

Over black satin with white bands embroidered in blue paillettes hangs an accidented drapery of black tulle. The waist is held up by three straps of jet. Martial et Armand named this dress "Cri de Paris," and of course "dernier" is to be understood, as the grammars say, before "cri"



A Worth costume, called "Sammie," of beige satin embroidered in silver, has those short sleeves which create a new situation, sometimes met by gloves, sometimes by a scarf. Quite the most important part of the dress is the long chain of red beads and jet which hangs through a silver embroidered slit

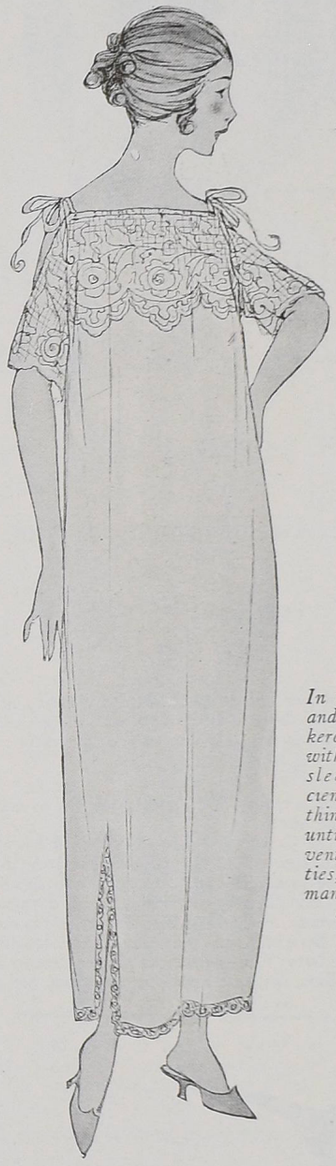
For a coat and skirt of beige cloth Martial et Armand have designed a low-cut waistcoat and a white muslin stock. Yellow horn buttons match the waistcoat, which is a very fine affair, indeed, being of white crêpe de Chine with a printed design in black and yellow—an exotic note which bears out the name of "Avatar"

Foulard and polka-dots are two things upon which Paris has set its heart this spring. An overdress of blue chiffon is laced at the shoulders with braid and red ribbon, and on the black braid belt is an embroidered motif in silver and red; the name of it all is "Mirette," says the Maison Worth

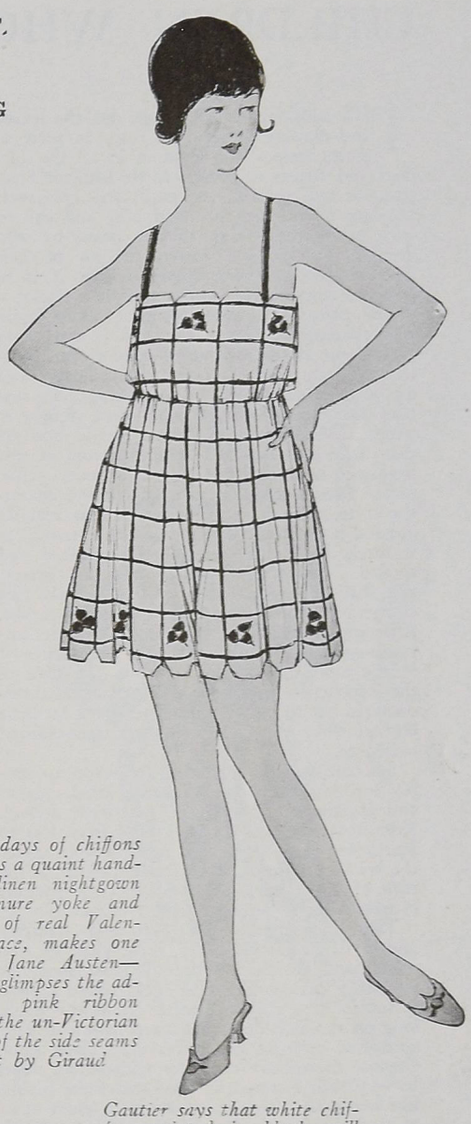
LINGERIE SPELT CHEMISE FOR SHORT,

OR NIGHTGOWN FOR LONG—VERY LONG

In this flesh coloured chiffon chemise from Jenny, with its bands and binding of blue chiffon and its pink chiffon bows, one would feel very well-dressed indeed—with good reason and with scant yardage



In these days of chiffons and crêpes a quaint handkerchief linen nightgown with demure yoke and sleeves of real Valenciennes lace, makes one think of Jane Austen—until one glimpses the adventurous pink ribbon ties, and the un-Victorian manners of the side seams as cut by Giraud



Gautier says that white chiffon, printed in black, will make the fairest skin look fairer. As for the three black acorns repeated seven times—that is undoubtedly magic of a most bewitching kind

THE RING, THE DOT, AND THE HOME

WHEN one's daughter has chosen the one man among many whom she will marry, when the family has become a little accustomed to the new conditions and to the separations that they will mean, there comes to the minds of all good parents the determination to put themselves in the background, to pull themselves up short, and to think wholly and solely of their child's happiness and welfare.

How much should she have in the way of a trousseau? Should she live in New York or a suburb? If in New York, in a house or a flat? How much furnishing is it wise for her father to do? If he is a man of wealth, shall he give her a house? How large an amount, if any, shall he settle upon her? All these questions come crowding together so thick and so fast that they all but crowd away the ever-present ache and longing that the parents inevitably feel.

For parents of large income, the question of how much can be afforded, often the most difficult of all, need not be considered. In this article it is taken for granted that everything that will be in keeping with the combined incomes of the young people will be provided, within bounds, of course, of the taste and sense implied by good breeding.

The first really engrossing question after the daughter has taken her mother into the secret, and the awkward interview between the young suitor and her father is disposed of, is the choosing and giving of the ring. And to the giver let it be said that the very best he can afford is none too good for the girl who promises to share his life, not only because of its symbolic value, but also because there may some day be young girls who will look with romantic longing upon "mother's engagement ring," or there will be sons or grandsons who will place the same ring, "my mother's," upon some other adorable finger. In a way, it is the founding of an heirloom, and on that score much lavishness may be excused, but not beyond the point that the man's income warrants.

One of the richest women in New York today, as pretty as a girl, although four times a grandmother, shows her very modest engagement ring to all her daughter's friends, and she tells the story of it, too. Her young lover asked her whether she would rather have a ring that he could afford to give her or one his father could afford; and I am sure any girl who is worth having at all would answer as this girl did.

Only a day or two ago I went to a leading jeweller's. As my own engagement dates from the very early nineties when a good emerald flanked by diamonds of a little more than a carat in weight could be bought for six or seven hundred dollars, my surprise was great at discovering the following list of perfectly appalling prices. All these rings were solitaires set in platinum, some with extremely beautiful settings. One .75 carat stone, "regular quality," cost $475; one .98 carat stone, $500; one of .91 carat, $475; one of 1.12 carats, $560; one of 1.75 carats, $910; and so on, up to one gorgeous stone of extraordinary quality and a lovely blue colour, 3.68 carats, $4025. I came away more deeply impressed by the tremendously increased cost of the luxuries of life than I have yet been by the rising prices of essentials and with a very reassuring feeling that our economic future was being pretty well looked after by those at the helm. One marvels at the courage of the young marrying men confronted by these wartime changes; lucky is the one who has some old stones of his mother's to be reset.

The betrothal functions are of necessity few and informal. There are absolutely no men to make the customary dinner-dance a success, and the parties are narrowed down to the two family functions: first, the dinner given by the mother of the bride to the family of the groom, and then the return compliment. These are stupid affairs at best, dreaded by all concerned, but difficult of omission. Possibly it will be less dull than usual this year, as it will be amusing to watch the growing popularity of the few men who for some slight reason have been left behind to do their parts over here.

(*Continued on page 80*)

CHILDREN WHO PLAY *in the* GARDENS OF PARIS

THE sunshine, which brings out the leaves and flowers, brings out, too, as soon as spring comes, the children in all the gardens and streets of Paris. Little brilliant blue, pink, or red spots on the paths still grey with the late frosts, they run and play and call to each other, to the rage of the passer-by who doesn't like "kiddies," and to the joy of their devoted grandmothers, whose delight it is to come to surprise the nurses and their flocks.

The taste for dressing children eccentrically is a thoroughly French one and is sometimes carried out at the expense of comfort and practicality, but, after all, every race will live and die with its national defects, in spite of all reason and even of all the wars that were ever fought. Where but in France would one see that little boy sketched at the bottom of this page who is dressed in Chinese costume? This, to the French mind, is an exquisite and charming style, with its exaggerated fulness and its pointed hat, which, if it falls on the ground, as it surely will, must certainly be smashed and spoiled. Never mind! It is new and pretty, and that's enough, especially if they make this costume of woollen material with large checks. Amusing to the point of tears is a little costume—and a very little one, for the smaller it is, the more chic it will have—in the style of the Revolution, in mauve cheviot, with a three-cornered hat to match. Imagine how a fat little boy of three would look in this tight-waisted redingote.

Silk and woollen materials are made up simply for every-day dresses, and printed muslins and étamines for the lighter afternoon dresses. Kilts are very nice on little boys from two to four years old, especially if there is worn under the coat a blouse of silk or muslin, either in the style of Van Dyck, or that of the plain peasant blouses worn in certain parts of France.

These blouses must always have a character and a definite style. For little girls, on the other hand, the chemise dress is most liked. It is usually cut round in the neck, where a piece is set in of a different colour from the dress, long on the shoulders, and often drawn in with cord tied in front like a cravat. These same chemise dresses are made for midsummer wear, in very thin material, in blue and white plaids, like madras. There is sometimes a plain band of a darker shade around the neck, and this band is embroidered with wash silk to match in large motifs.

A flower girl at Miss Singer's wedding in Paris wore a dress of white satin with a blue sash, and a black velvet hat with a blue satin rose

The Greek style, like the chlamys, has already been seen often, but nevertheless it is the costume most liked for little girls who spend most of their time in physical culture, dancing, and exercises in the open air. In the warm sunshine of Biarritz, the charming little daughter of Madame Yturbe-Amor is always dressed in this fashion, without shoes or stockings, her pretty feet protected only by sandals. She is an expert in interpretative dancing, and this child of eleven is as lovely in her draperies as some beautiful piece of antique sculpture. Her mother has her wear, instead of a coat, a cape of linen or of coarse frieze such as the shepherds of Greece wore, so the effect is perfectly carried out. But all mothers cannot allow their fancy such free rein, and those who are obliged to keep their children in the city must have more practical clothes.

It seems a mistake, especially in war time, to make such elaborate dresses for babies, who are quite unimpressed by their own splendour. These dresses and coats, covered with embroidery and Valenciennes and Malines lace, stay pretty scarcely a day, for of course the poor baby can't be as careful as a grown person about eating cake and drinking milk. Then it's good-by to the dress and the laces—the poor baby is very sad because every one scolds her, and family life becomes very tragic.

The English way of having only washable dresses for children, even for the most formal wear, seems preferable, for it leaves them free and unhampered. We shall soon come to it in France, as we have in the dress of pleated pink organdie, trimmed with ruffles to match, which is sketched below. The cap to match is washable, too, and the very narrow black velvet ribbons, fastened with a little silk rose, make an amusing note on the socks.

We like babies, no matter how little they are, to have everything carried out in the same colour; and an air of charming originality is given by having their caps and leggings exactly match the rest of their costume. The tailored suit of blue serge showing a little white vest, like that called "Manon" below, is one of the funniest. It could be copied all in dark colours, for the point is to have the costume as different as possible from the light things in which children are usually dressed.

One way to be original when one is expected to be elaborately dressed is to adapt a period style. The picturesque costumes of the eighteenth century may be beautifully adapted to the simplicity of childhood. A dress of white voile with a blue sash, an immense hat accented by a blue rose, all copied from a Reynolds, is shown on the little flower girl above.

J. Ramon Fernandez.

A young Des Grieux in mauve duvetyn with a violet hat, is strolling near the Louvre

The children who play on the other side of the world are dressed like this French child

A person like this suggests a perfect French translation of a Kate Greenaway rhyme

One is never too young to have the air of being a Parisienne to the very ends of one's sash

IS A RING ON THE HAND WORTH TWO IN THE EAR?

Being a Little Conversation on Honour Among Rings

By ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL

Sketches by Valentine Gross

To wear with a wedding-ring, nothing is so suitable for a young bride's ear as a tender whisper

Full many a gem of purest ray serene has been lost in the quicksands of such hands as these

Those who have a tendency to wander may sometimes be traced by the telltale tongue of a bell

THE RING (*Coming forward*): Let me introduce myself. I'm the Ring.

THE EARRINGS (*Acrimoniously*): What do you say? Do you know to whom you are speaking?

THE RING: I repeat that I am the Ring.

THE EARRINGS: And we are the Earrings.

THE RING: Beg pardon? (*Scornfully.*) Oh! yes, of course, the Earrings, to be sure. I remember seeing you among the lords of Polynesia; you had the shape of wooden hoops, and you were as big as a house!

THE EARRINGS: You're a nice one to talk. As if you, among the Patagonians, didn't ornament the noses of all the gentlemen, who replaced you, when the opportunity offered, by a plain pipe. Lovely idea, touching thought, an invention as practical as it is decorative!

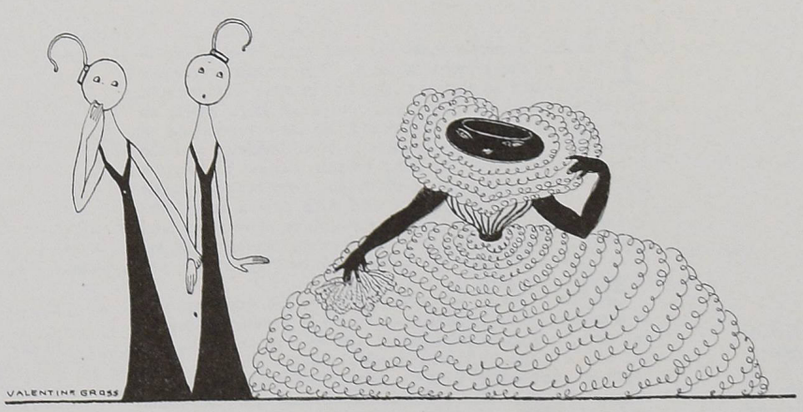
THE RING: Quite possible. But, I, as you see me now, my little friends, I come of a distinguished line of ancestors.

THE EARRINGS (*Frightfully ironical*):—of lead!

THE RING (*Very dignified*): You forget the iron ring of the Romans which bore graven upon its face the noblest emblems or the crest of the family. You must know that the nobility alone had the right to wear it, and that Augustus Cæsar granted this rare privilege only to the most illustrious poets, to the ablest captains, to the most eminent statesmen. Learn also, while we are on the subject, that this ring, the exclusive badge of the aristocracy, was worn on the ring, or third finger, because (since it's necessary to explain everything to you), an anatomist discovered that this finger was in direct connection with a nerve of the heart.

THE EARRINGS (*More and more ironically*): Would you be good enough to give us the name of this infallible anatomist?

THE RING: Let me speak, and try, ignoramuses that you are, to profit by it! Well, to continue, this iron ring began, little by little, to lose its severe aspect. It became the ring of silver, then the ring of gold. It was enriched with precious stones, pearls and diamonds until——



Between earrings and a ring there is the Cinderella-and-the-two-proud-sisters situation

THE EARRINGS: We saw a large lady the other day, whose husband had just made a fortune in munitions. She was wearing rings on every finger, even the first one. It gave her the air of a market-woman.

THE RING: Are we discussing fat ladies and market-women? You jumble everything together. Did you ever hear of Gyges's ring, that marvellous circlet which rendered the wearer invisible? Or the ring of Polycrates which, thrown into the sea, was found again in the belly of a fish? I could also cite the ring of Gaston Phœbus which permitted the owner to look into the future or the past. What enchanted legends, what magic fables, what sensational titles for romances, plays or motion-picture films! "The Opal Ring," "The Fatal Ring," or even "The Bloodstained Ring!" And I don't even mention such epoch-making works of erudition as "Historic and Ethnological Researches on the Ring" by Doctor Akakia or "The Analysis of the Phenomena Demonstrated by an All-powerful Ring" or "A Jewel of Radio-Activity" by Professor Ratapoil.

THE EARRINGS (*Aside, speaking of the Ring*): The chattering of this creature is intensely silly. (*Aloud*) Really, my dear, you're very agreeable. In comparison with your tiny person, it seems that the rest of the world dates from yesterday. Rather comical! Just now you were speaking of Rome. A trifling affair! Certainly nothing to make a fuss over. What about those of us who knew the gods on Olympus? You smile? Take your spectacles, consult your Homer, and you

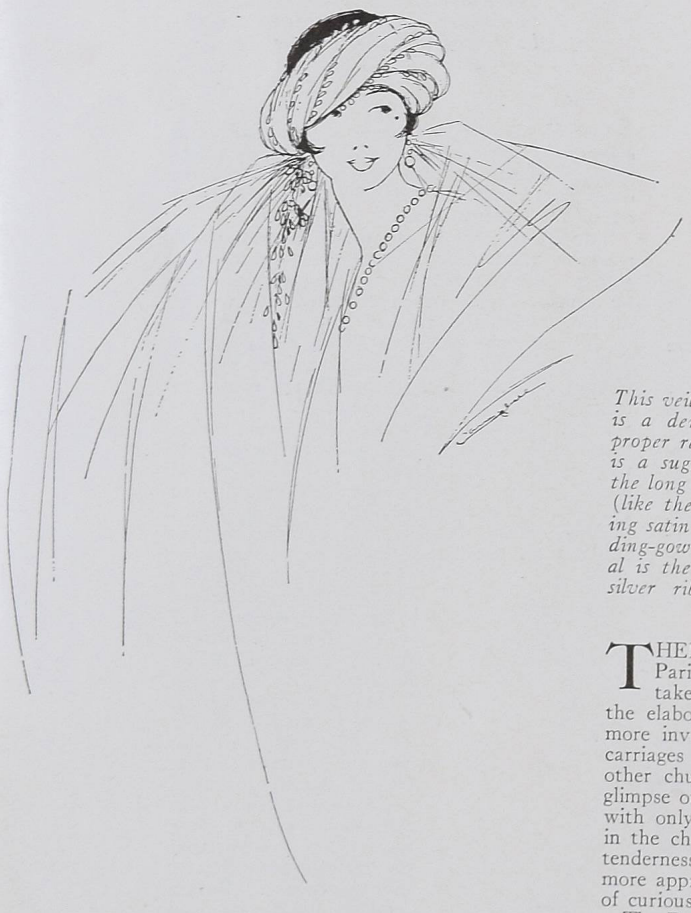
(*Continued on page 89*)

MYSTERY AND LOVELINESS ARE WOVEN INTO TULLE, AND TULLE IS THE STUFF THAT WEDDING VEILS ARE MADE OF

An airy floating cloud of white tulle, bands of tulle or silver gauze edged with tiny pearls—and all in a minute, quite as though Cinderella's fairy godmother had waved her wand again, an ordinary every-day mortal becomes that mysterious thing—a bride. When the cloud takes this form, the bride seems to have stepped straight out of the Middle Ages, bringing with her all the stately loveliness and charm of the ladies for whose favour knighthood bravely flowered

This veil seems to say that its bride is a demure little person with a proper respect for tradition. There is a suggestion of bygone days in the long sedate folds of Malines lace (like the lace that veiled the shining satin of her grandmother's wedding-gown,) and no less conventional is the becoming Greek band of silver ribbon banded with pearls

For most of us, taking the veil is a once-in-a-lifetime experience—which almost seems a pity, since veils are such becoming affairs. At least, however, a bride may make the most of her one golden opportunity by wearing a veil that is all of loveliness turned into misty tulle. If she is fortunate enough to have the kind of hair that is the inspiration of artists and the despair of hairdressers, she is wise to choose this winsome arrangement of silver flowers and ribbons



Tulle twisted round the head, turban fashion, has crowned ever so many costumes and occasions this spring, but it is at its best in this place of honour at a wedding. Sprays of orange-blossoms and some of the mysterious charm of those veiled beauties of the Orient, as well, lurch in its soft folds and its misty flowing lengths

THERE is much marrying and even re-marrying in Paris at the present moment. The wedding ceremony takes place as often as ever, but in most cases without the elaboration of other days. No more High Mass, no more invitations by the thousand, no more processions of carriages blocking the approach to the Madeleine and the other churches, with hovering crowds waiting to catch a glimpse of the bride. Most marriages, nowadays, are made with only the family present and with only a Low Mass in the chapel, but there is an atmosphere of intimacy and tenderness about these less formal ceremonies which is far more appropriate than the atmosphere brought by a crowd of curious strangers.

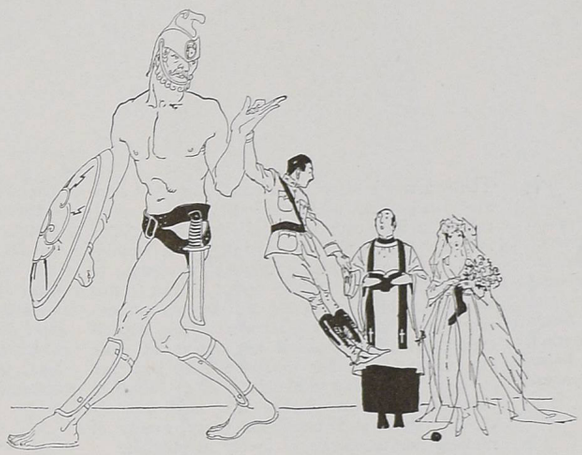
The French fancy has been caught by the American idea of dressing the bride in a frock which is somewhat open at the neck, with long transparent sleeves. In the matter of the veil and the coiffure, individual fancy runs riot. Anything is permissible if it is pretty and shows taste and originality. Strands of pearls, turbans of tulle, bandeaux under the chin—all of these may form the crowning glory of the costume. They are all on this page with veils of tulle and lace, some old, some modern,—in variety enough to give charm to all the weddings on the calendar.

Yvette Guilbert herself, with her wonderful gift for quaint and delightful costuming, might have wound these ropes of fine pearls many times round her head and looped them under her chin. The bride who would present a wholly original bridal picture can find no more charming way than this to hold the enveloping cloud of tulle

THE BRIDE HE LEFT BEHIND HIM

It Takes Two to Play a War Wedding March — One Plays "Here Comes the Bride," the Other, "There Goes the Groom"

By DOROTHY PARKER



As many observant people have so often and so truly remarked, war is indeed a terrible thing. These same discerning people go even farther in their research, and announce, with equal acumen and like verity, that not all the heroism occurs at the front. Indeed it doesn't. Just think of all the bravery that is going on here at home, right in our very midst. Imagine the courage it must take to carry some of those knitting-bags that are seen so incessantly. Think of the bravery it requires for a woman to don one of those war service uniforms that consist mainly of puttees, when Nature obviously intended her for the Whistler's Mother school of costume—the charitably long, mercifully impenetrable sort of thing, you know.

GETTING MARRIED

But, for quiet, practical, everyday heroism — nothing spectacular or Croix de Guerre-ish, but good, plain, serviceable stuff,—consider the case of the war bride. She dashes into matrimony in the few days' furlough that her bridegroom is graciously permitted by an indulgent Government, to have his picture taken in uniform, and collect some cigarettes, and get married, and do a few other little things like that; and then, before the rice is fairly out of her hair, her brand-new husband has packed up his troubles in his new kit bag and hurried off to his camp or his transport. And there she is, left behind, just as she was getting used to being one of the family. And, for the duration of the war, there she stays —sitting, with her knitting, in the good old-fashioned way.

Of course, this "they also serve who only stand and wait" thing may be all very well in the gilt-edged pages of the family Milton, but it's an existence almost entirely free from thrills. The war bride has the monotonous policy of watchful waiting thrust upon her. She hasn't the thrill of going over the top, she hasn't the satisfaction of actively doing her bit, she doesn't play the star rôle in anybody's service flag—she hasn't even a uniform. She isn't illumined by the becoming light of romance; she might be, of course, if there were only one or two of her, but her middle name is Legion. Judging from the vast numbers of war weddings that are happening every day, there can't be a bachelor left in the entire United States Army. The poor war bride is not even granted the glamour of the unusual. How can she be particularly interesting when every other woman in her immediate vicinity is a war bride, too?

And, most pathetic of all, the war bride is cruelly denied her natural heritage. Every woman has the right to at least one trousseau in her life. Every woman, no matter how convincingly she may talk of careers, and man's inferiority, and the general inconvenience of marriage, dreams of the day when she will come into possession of a comprehensive collection of set after set of all those exquisite, filmy, lacy, frilly things which some women still believe that unmarried men don't know anything about. Every woman yearns for a series of bizarre, sophisticated, clinging negligées like those the heroines of eternal triangle plays always wear in the boudoir scene, where the husband returns unexpectedly—the sort of negligées that it isn't quite nice for an unmarried woman to own. Every woman longs to be the sole owner of pile upon pile of snowy shining linens, heavy with embroidery and creamy with lace—those things that really make domesticity almost worth while.

But trousseaux, like all other great enterprises, require time in their making. And time is one of the things the war bride can't have. Out of a clear sky and a training camp, her fiancé suddenly appears, and remarks casually that he has a few hours to kill before leaving on a little jaunt to France, and he'd be so glad to have her marry him, very informally, that afternoon at five o'clock.

Nothing cramps a bride's style as much as a war wedding. A trousseau is utterly out of the question; even a wedding-gown is an impossibility, unless she's one of those foresighted young persons, who, realizing that a girl never knows what is going to happen next, always keeps a complete bridal costume hanging in her cupboard. Of course, the groom's outfit is assured; he simply wears the conventional khaki. But about all the bewildered bride can do is to collect something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue, and call it a day.

The wedding itself is over in less time than it takes the society reporters to write it up. There is a pitifully brief honeymoon, a hasty exit on the part of the groom,—and that's that. There the war bride is, wondering what on earth she's going to do with her evenings, until the victorious Allies declare a closed season for the Huns. Till then, she is one of those things you used to read about in all the asterisk-illustrated asbestos-bound novels—a Wife in Name Only.

JOB'S COMFORTERS

The war bride's lot would be far brighter if it weren't for those people who are so determined to sympathize with her,—you know, the sort of people whom one always praises with faint damns. "Well, anyway, they mean well," is the only thing to be said about them. They

(*Continued on page 91*)

A BRIDE'S SONG

I loved my first love (I was five) for his funniness.
At the long table with the little squares,
He sat next me. That's how I learned left; He was left.
They asked him, "Is there anything shorter than a minute?"
"Sure," he said, "a jiffy." I loved him.

My second love (I was nine) was beautiful,
Serious, and straight, and French.
When teacher said, "You two lead the line,"
I shuddered with an awful joy.

Wisdom incarnate, my third love;
He knew everything. He was perfection.
(I was thirteen.) I gazed at him in Assembly,
And bought His Grammar second-hand.

My fourth love (I was fifteen)—
The Prince of Dancing School.
His family had money and his father drank.
He had a motor, wore beautiful clothes, and often went Abroad.

Spring, sweet sixteen, and my fifth love—
He is almost too sacred to speak of.
A Radiant Being. He could clog
And sing songs. In His bright blue sweater
He ran like the wind. He was very poor.
And he kissed me.

Followed a German-American,
Very religious.
For his sake I went to the Epworth League
(Wearing the big black hat with the long plume).

My next love—was Married.
He understood me.
Tenderness was the thing about him;
And we parted forever, very beautifully.

This last love took me by surprise.
He loved me immediately
Without my bothering;
That enchanted me.

All my loves, what darlings!

ANNE HERENDEEN.

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

A blouse like this, soft and frilly and delightfully feminine, is just the companion for a tailored suit that is going to a luncheon or to an afternoon tea

As correct as the bridegroom's conventional black at a wedding, is this type of blouse worn with a tailored suit for shopping, travelling, or motoring

THE practical part of the trousseau is fully as important as the wedding-gown itself, if not more important, in these days when simple and wearable clothes make up the greater part of even the most extravagant wardrobes. Whether the honeymoon is spent motoring through the country, at some resort in the mountains, or at the seaside, or at any Army camp, the essentials of the wardrobe remain practically the same, and the prospective bride may readily take suggestions from these pages.

The summer bride will include a supply of summer frocks and country clothes in her wardrobe. In fact, country clothes are now included in every trousseau, both in winter and in summer, varying in the fabrics only, according to the requirements of the season. The gowns shown on these pages are a trifle more expensive than those usually shown in this department; but what bride is not a wee bit more extravagant with her trousseau than with her ordinary every-day clothes? It is at this time that she seeks her clothes in a small but exclusive shop and considers every means of making her trousseau as lovely as possible.

THE GOING-AWAY COSTUME

After the bridal gown, the first thing to be considered is the tailored costume. This may be either a dress or a suit, but, for the motor or train, the tailored costume is an absolute necessity. The suit shown in the sketch at the lower right on this page is extremely smart, as well as appropriate for summer wear. It comes in a deep sand shade of gabardine or in navy blue. The gabardine is of a soft quality that is pliable and has almost the effect of clinging satin. The suit has simple lines and is trimmed with stitched bands which outline a double peplum on the coat at the back. A narrow belt which is run through the upper peplum, makes its appearance across the front; smoked pearl buttons fasten the coat and the belt. The skirt is perfectly straight and slightly full under a fitted belt. Beautifully tailored and lined with soft satin-finished foulard in tan and blue, this suit is an excellent value at $85. A suit of this type, not too severe and without pretention, plays a very important part in the conservative wartime wardrobe and is one of those smart and simple styles that last almost forever. Although the tailored suit has been somewhat in the background for the past few seasons, it is quite safe to say that it has come back, bringing with it the simple tailored blouse.

A summer in town or one in the country is all the pleasanter for this silk suit with its straight coat and a finely pleated skirt

THE CORRECT BLOUSE

We cannot say enough regarding the necessity for correctness in the choice of the blouse worn with the tailored costume. The severely tailored and simple blouse, of the type sketched at the upper right on this page, is the correct type of blouse for morning wear, shopping, or travelling. The neck-line is a matter of personal taste, but whether the collar is worn high or low, the style remains the same. These blouses are shown in handkerchief linen, pussy-willow silk, tussor silk, crêpe de Chine, and other materials. The blouse which is illustrated is in rough linen in a pale shade of orchid with a turn-over collar and cuffs of a deeper shade that is almost purple. The tie is of black grosgrain ribbon, embroidered with dots in orchid cotton thread. The buttons, which form a simple trimming and fasten the front, are of white china outlined with a purple line. Although this blouse may be had ready made, it is quite as well tailored as one that is made to order by a smart shirtmaker. It comes in white and in pastel colours and is priced at $9.50. For the occasion which demands a different style of blouse—a luncheon, tea, or a social call—one with softer lines and feminine touches, sketched at the upper left on this page, is suggested. This is in fine soft batiste, hand embroidered with eyelets, and it combines daintiness and chic. Along the edge of a deep shawl collar and turn-back cuffs, eyelet embroidery is used; the lines of the neck and cuffs are outlined with tiny tucks. The small pearl buttons which fasten it are quite invisible. A narrow black grosgrain ribbon, one of the smartest accessories to the tailored blouse, is shown with

A going-away costume that doesn't want to be an anti-climax to the wedding-gown, does well to follow in these lines

this model. It runs under the collar and comes through embroidered slits at the front, where it ties with short ends. This blouse comes in white only and is pretty enough for any daytime occasion at which a tailored suit may be worn. It is priced at $15.75.

A suit of silk pongee or shantung for country or town wear is a useful costume for the bride. A particularly pretty model in light tan with bindings in navy blue is sketched at the lower left on the opposite page. It is of fine rajah silk, and the coat is lined throughout with white silk. The suit is made on youthful lines which are becoming to the average figure. The perfectly straight coat is held in by a narrow belt of the blue, which makes an unusual fastening arrangement, as may be seen in the sketch. The skirt lies in fine pleats (those carefully-made pleats which stay pleated), and around the bottom, in place of the hem, is a narrow binding of the navy blue. This is one of the smartest models of the season and may be copied in black, navy blue, tan, or grey for $110.

A VARIETY OF CAPES

The cape has appeared in almost every form this season. It drapes, fastens at one side, hangs from the shoulders at the back, and does various other interesting things. A tailored costume showing a short cape which very much resembles a jacket, is sketched at the lower right on this page. It is in navy blue gabardine and is most unusual in cut. It gathers into a slender yoke that is really the base of the collar, thus giving that narrow shoulder effect which is so smart this year. A bias band of the material finishes the bottom; openings in this band form pockets at either side. The shawl collar buttons down to the cape at either side and a wide belt slips through itself in front and fastens with buttons of the gabardine rimmed with narrow bindings of the material. Narrow bindings also finish the armholes. The coat is lined with figured foulard in blue and white. A cape-coat of this type will prove to be a very useful garment for either town or country wear. It comes in all white or in colours for $85. A simple skirt to wear with this cape-coat is of white French flannel trimmed around the bottom with a band of the same material. It is straight, with even fulness shirred under a straight belt. Good tailoring and the beautiful quality of the material make this an excellent value at $35. The blouse shown with this costume is of fine white handkerchief linen. Finely fluted ruffles outline the collar and cuffs and small pearl buttons form the fastening. It is unusually reasonable at $5, and is a true economy as its simplicity makes laundering easy. It may be worn with the tailored suit or with the sports skirt.

Versatile frocks that are charming both for daytime and evening wear are excellent wartime economies for the bride

A trousseau without a silk afternoon frock is a trousseau that is but half-prepared for emergencies of married life

FROCKS FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING

A simple afternoon frock of silk or chiffon has a very distinct place in the summer wardrobe these days, and the wise bride will include one or two of these gowns in her trousseau. A model from Georgette, sketched in the upper middle on this page, is extremely smart. It is in navy blue taffeta very simply trimmed with loops of navy blue embroidery silk. The neck and sleeves are bound with the material, and the overtunic buttons all the way down the back with silk-covered buttons. This overtunic is a long straight blouse tied around the waist with a narrow navy blue moire ribbon. The elimination of colour and trimming emphasizes the charm of the design. This frock may be copied in any colour taffeta silk or in black for $135.

This season, even the most formal evening gowns are severe and simple. The model sketched at the lower left on this page is an afternoon gown, but may be worn for dinner and in the evening. It is of heavy black crêpe de Chine trimmed with deep bands of black silk fringe. This combination of black crêpe de Chine and silk fringe is one of the smartest of the season and comes from Chanel. The upper part of the gown is embroidered in black silk, and the tunic, which runs up at either side, is finished with the fringe. A crocheted belt of fine black silk cord ties loosely at one side. The plain underskirt is trimmed with the fringe and follows the line of the fringe on the tunic. This distinctive gown will be copied for $150. There is smartness in the long tight sleeves, the jet buttons which are used at the back to fasten the tunic, and in every line of the gown.

THE NEW TREND OF FASHION

In fabrics, it is interesting to note the change in the trend of fashion as the season advances. From taffetas and foulards there is a decided turn towards softer fabrics, such as crêpe de Chine, satin, shantung, and charmeuse. For some time past there has been talk of very little trimming, and the newer daytime frocks have authenticated this mode. Callot's newest frocks are trimmed with bindings and bands of self-material. The costumes from this house may also be cited as examples of a certain tendency towards draping. Drapery is so lovely in the soft materials that one hopes this new style has come to stay all summer.

In some instances recently the popular cape has grown shorter, acquired a skirt, and become a truly full-fledged suit

© Harris and Ewing

MRS. HENRY POTTER RUSSELL

Miss Ethel M. B. Harriman, the daughter of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman and a niece of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, was married in the American Church in the Avenue de l'Alma, Paris, the latter part of January, to Lieutenant Henry Potter Russell, son of Mr. Charles Howland Russell and grandson of the late Bishop Potter. Mrs. Vincent Astor was the bride's attendant. Lieutenant Russell, who is in France in the field artillery, joined the Harjes Ambulance when he left Harvard and drove at Verdun nine months; he then returned to this country and went to the Officers' Training Camp at Harvard, and after receiving his commission at Plattsburg he went to the French front again. The bride's mother returned recently from Europe, where she has been investigating the work done by women in munition factories in England. Mrs. Russell made her début in Washington last season and was present also in New York and Newport, where she was one of the most popular débutantes. Last June she went to France with Mrs. Astor and worked as a private in the Woman's Ambulance Corps. She has always interested herself in outdoor sports, and two seasons ago she proved her courage by making a flight in William Dodge's hydroaeroplane at Newport

Baron de Meyer

It is altogether fitting that Mrs. Charles Lewis Tiffany, Chairman of the Suffrage Party of the Borough of Manhattan, should also be Chairman of the central committee for the work of the Women's Oversea Hospitals, representing the National American Woman Suffrage Association

IN THIS WAY DO NEW YORK WOMEN MAKE WAR

A Variety of Interesting and Important War Charities, Both at Home and in Europe, Occupy the Attention of These Prominent Women

SINCE the beginning of the war, a good many efficient hospital units have been sent from America to France, some under private patronage and more under the direction of established hospitals. None of these groups of pioneers is followed with more interest on the part of those at home than the units sent to the Women's Oversea Hospitals, U. S. A.; these hospitals represent the National American Woman Suffrage Association. It is entirely fitting that the chairman of the central committee for this oversea work should be Mrs. Charles Lewis Tiffany, Chairman of the Suffrage Party of the Borough of Manhattan. The first staff, of twenty-two members, sailed in February; they are to open a fifty-bed hospital at a French village twelve miles from the German lines. A second contingent of about thirty members is to sail in April, to take charge of another hospital on the Meuse.

A hospital unit, nowadays, is by no means a simple matter of doctors and nurses. There are doctors, of course, who are specialists, and nurses, both trained nurses and volunteer nurses' aids. But it does not stop here. Ambulance drivers, mechanics, a dietitian, a radiographer, a pharmacist, and clerks, complete this self-sufficient and efficient unit.

These hospitals are organized under the French Government, as the United States Army does not provide officially for women workers. The equipment was made possible by Mr. Henry P. Davison, and the National Woman Suffrage Association provides the maintenance. Should an emergency arise, this hospital will receive wounded soldiers of the Allied Armies, but its primary ambition and purpose is to supply the needs of the women and children of France.

Though the Oversea Hospitals is Mrs. Tiffany's central war interest, it is not her only one. She is a member of the New York Advisory Committee of the War Camps Community Fund; she is Chairman of the War Savings Stamps Committee for the Borough of Manhattan; she was Assistant Supervisor in the Tenth Assembly District New York State Military Census; and she was a member of the Committee of Women on National Defense (appointed by John Purroy Mitchel) which was known as the Mayor's Committee during Mr. Mitchel's term of office. The members of this committee have continued to work under the name of the New York Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense.

Miss Gertrude Ely, the sister of Mrs. Tiffany, is at the head of the women workers sent to France by the Y. M. C. A. for canteen service. She receives them when they arrive in Paris, assigns them to their work, and is responsible for the way it is carried on. Her office is in

Paris, but she makes visits of inspection to the various posts to which workers are sent. Miss Henrietta Ely, another sister of Mrs. Tiffany, is the head of a French Army canteen at Épernay.

It is widely said that free-lance workers in the war field are established with difficulty and are now being discouraged in general by the authorities because united effort has been found to work better. There are some free-lance activities, however, already under way, to which this restriction does not apply. One of these is a cross-roads canteen which has been created as if by magic since last autumn.

There is a railroad station at a certain (or, rather uncertain, because censored) spot in France, where four great railways meet. Last October, the three thousand men a day who passed through this place found no bed but a muddy road, none but liquid refreshment, and no amusement, cheer, or comfort of any sort.

But something has happened to this railroad crossing since October—in fact, several things of a radical nature. One is a dormitory holding two hundred men; one is a recreation room; one is a reception room, nearly finished, which is to hold an audience of a thousand; and there are showers and washrooms and meals. All this comfort has been effected in practical and homely fashion—the table-cloths, for instance, consist of clean, cheerful, red and white oilcloth—but for all its plainness, it is evident that no effort has been spared to turn this muddy waste into a minister to human comfort. This unit was organized by Mrs. Belmont Tiffany, now in France superintending its development.

A SOLDIER'S CINDERELLA

Those who are on duty in hostess houses have many rather heart-breaking sights to see, though it is true those sights are a little less heart breaking because of the very presence of the hostess house. But the occasional happy endings to the human documents here unrolled help to make up for the sad ones. The newest of these friendly havens for men in the service is fortunate in recording a wedding among its achievements. This wedding took place on February 14, in the Young Women's Christian Association Hostess House, at Twelve West Fifty-first Street, between Mr. Frank Daly, a yeoman from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and his sweetheart, Miss Phoebe Hall, who was staying at the recently opened hostess house. The house committee, aided by some young girls of the Junior War Work Council, helped the bride to purchase her trousseau at short notice; one friendly débutante pinned on her veil, while another brought the bouquet, to the delight of this little war-time Cinderella, who had to pinch herself to prove she was indeed in New York and not in fairyland.

The house was the gift, to the Y. W. C. A., of Mrs. H. P. Davison, its former resident; the furnishings were variously contributed. It provides comfortable bedrooms, baths, and meals, at moderate rates, for the mothers, wives, and sweethearts of the men in service who live in distant cities and are stationed in this vicinity. There is also a library and reception-rooms where the guests may meet the friends they have come so far to see. There are, at the top of the house, two large sunny rooms and a bath, all at present in the hands of the decorator, where visiting babies may retire to avoid all such disturbing elements as their elders prove to be in their scheme of life. More than any of the very generous material benefits supplied by such a house is the spirit of welcome and interest which pervades every corner of it.

In the February 1 issue of Vogue appeared an article on the reconstruction of homes in the devastated districts of France which was, at that time, ably carried on by Miss Anne Morgan and others of the Civilian Committee of the American Fund for French Wounded. Since then a separate committee, called the American Committee for Devastated France, has been formed, and this new organization, with Miss Morgan at its head, will continue the work which has already done so much for devastated France. A new member of the committee is the Countess de Bryas, who is related to the Willing family of Philadelphia and who is said to be one of the five most beautiful women in France. The Countess has come to this country to lecture on this rehabilitation work.

Once begun, this work of rebuilding, replanting, and renewing the sources of supply has grown and is growing so rapidly that any facts published about it are dwarfed, almost before they reach the public, by the almost overnight expansion they may have attained in the meanwhile. Some of the reconstruction work has been destroyed by the recent heavy fighting, but the committee is more than ever determined to replace this damage and continue its work. Up to the time this is written, eight hundred and fifty families have been reestablished in some sort of homes. The number of trees planted and acres ploughed grows almost daily. General Petain has indorsed the work of this committee most enthusiastically.

In speaking before the Cosmopolitan Club, Miss Morgan, who returned to New York temporarily in February, cautioned Americans against thinking of "reconstruction" as meaning a rebuilding of homes as they were before the war. That is far from possible at present. The best that can be done at first is to erect a rude shelter which the family can call home (and how ready they are to call that spot home, where their fathers lived and died) and to plan the cultivation of crops.

It is in pursuance of the emphasis laid first of all upon the land itself, that this reconstruction unit is now working. The raising of crops in France, if it becomes extensively possible, will solve three problems at once; it will come first of all to the rescue of the French civilians, whose readiness to start life afresh, evidenced even in the midst of their suffering, need not be emphasized; it will partly obviate the transportation difficulty; and in time these crops may even be used to feed the American Army in France. To these various ends, Miss Morgan is recruiting an agriculturally educated contingent for work in the Aisne district.

Another development furthered by this committee—one which will closely touch American sympathy—is in the matter of the children of France. Some American children gave a Christmas party last winter to five hundred French children at Blérancourt; hosts and guests did not meet, but the occasion was not the less a blessing on that account, for this was the first absolutely joyous Christmas these French children had had for three years.

A CHRISTMAS FOR FRENCH CHILDREN

And it was a joyous Christmas:

"Two military *barraques*," says a report from Miss Morgan, "were lent by the French army for the occasion; in one was held a moving picture exhibition, greeted with shouts of joy and laughter from children who a few months previous had forgotten how to play. In the other were long tables, set between French and American flags, under real Christmas greens, and each child chose his own present from those piled on the tables; afterward, as it was very cold and snowy, each child had a cup of hot chocolate and a piece of cake. The faces of the children made one realize what a glad occasion this was."

From now on, the American children who attended this party in spirit, and many who did not know about it, are planning another surprise for their far-away French neighbours. Some are saving their pennies; others are selling their old schoolbooks; and all the money they contribute will be sent to France to buy schoolbooks for the children there. Each teacher becomes the head of a small circulating library and distributes the books which are in his charge to the community where most are needed. The necessary books to conduct these schools that have been reopened can be bought, of course, only in France. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the prices of books in France, so publishers say, have not been greatly advanced by the present war.

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Mrs. Henry P. Davison has presented the Y. W. C. A. with her former residence, to be used as a hostess house for the mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts of the men in service who live in distant cities and are stationed in the vicinity of New York

A RED CROSS TOUR OF INSPECTION

An enthusiastic report of the immense work of the Red Cross has been brought back to this country by Mrs. August Belmont, who is Chairman of the New York County Chapter of the Red Cross and a member of the Campaign Committee for raising funds for the Red Cross. Mrs. Belmont has been in Europe for three months, visiting in that time the trenches, base hospitals, and hospitals, both in France and England, for the purpose of informing the Red Cross here of needs and conditions in Europe. She deplores any feeling of impatience or unnecessary criticism, saying that those who criticize must do so constructively. The American troops are especially glad, according to Mrs. Belmont, to see "an honest-to-God American" face, and beg their visitors to stay longer; they are courageous and each is eager to do his share.

SMALL WAR CHARITIES WHICH MEET BIG NEEDS

Editor's Note—The purpose of these paragraphs is to constitute a brief guide to some of the most interesting of the smaller war charities. The list has been compiled because so many lesser war charities are too likely to be overlooked, as the larger ones are more easily remarked; many people would gladly answer these appeals if they only had a clearer knowledge of what they actually are. The causes are all worthy ones, each with a very definite purpose of its own that does not overlap the others. They are not competitive, but cooperative toward the cause that is the chief interest of us all

ONE of the most appealing of all the calls for help which we are hearing these days, is that of the old people and children,—the refugees from the devastated regions in France, who are destitute and almost without clothing and who ask us for garments and shoes. This winter we have all learned a little about cold and suffering, ourselves, with the lack of coal in so many cities and the bitter cold weather. Our troubles seem almost too little to mention when we think of France, yet perhaps they have made us better able to realize what it must mean to be entirely without coal (for coal is $75 a ton in France), and with little or no warm clothing. The Duchesse d'Uzès, who is helping with this work, writes that there are so many little children with no underclothing at all and without shoes of any kind, that the committee cannot clothe them all. And there are old people and sick people whose need is just as great. The War Relief Committee of Le Cercle Rochambeau asks for garments, new or worn, and the American Fund for French Wounded will send them direct to France. These garments may be sent to Mrs. John R. MacArthur, 346 West 84th Street, New York.

TRADES FOR MAIMED SOLDIERS

To-day in France there are thousands of soldiers so terribly maimed that they are unable to take up life again unless some one comes to their aid. Some of them have lost one or both arms upon the battle-fields of France; others have lost both legs or the power to move them. They can no longer fight, yet in some way they must take up life again and make it worth the living. They have given themselves gladly for France,—and therefore for us—and it is surely little enough that we should help them in return. A committee has been formed in France for the purpose of establishing trade-schools to teach these men some trade suited to their condition, by which they can support themselves and, in many cases, their families. There are five of these schools located in and about Paris, schools where a wide variety of trades are taught. Carpentry, cabinet-making, picture-framing, bookkeeping, stenography, basket-making, drawing, binding, shoemaking, mechanics, clock-making, tailoring, carving, and agricultural work are but a few of the occupations which these maimed men may learn. More than four thousand men have already been re-educated in these schools and are now able to support themselves as a result. But since the recent great battles on the western front the need for reconstruction is greater than ever before. The work is one which has so great an appeal—indeed, so great a demand—that an American Committee has been formed to aid in obtaining funds for its support. The cost of training a maimed soldier is about one hundred dollars—a wonderfully small sum when one considers the tremendous good that it may bring into the soldier's life. Mrs. Edmund Baylies is the Chairman of this American Committee for Training in Suitable Trades the Maimed Soldiers of France. She will be glad to receive contributions for the cause at Room 134, Biltmore Hotel, New York.

A FUND FOR SUFFERING ITALY

We hear so much about the terrible need in Belgium and in France that we are apt to forget that in other countries, too, there is great suffering which we could do much to relieve. The recent heavy fighting on the Italian front has crippled large numbers of Italian soldiers and left many other Italians destitute and in need of immediate aid. Because of this an American committee, similar to the one mentioned in the preceding paragraph, has been formed to raise funds for these Italian soldiers and refugees. This committee is cooperating with the *Comitato Lombardo* in Milan, an organization, founded by Italian women, which maintains hospitals, provides the crippled soldiers with artificial limbs, and teaches them suitable trades. The committee also provides shelter, food, and clothing to the refugees from the invaded districts. At present there are a million and a half of these refugees and a steadily increasing number of crippled soldiers, and the need for funds is particularly urgent. Countess Dolores Macchi di Cellere, the wife of the Italian Ambassador, is the Honourary Chairman of this committee. Checks should be sent to Alessandro Oldrini, care of the Guaranty Trust Company, 513 Fifth Avenue.

Ira L. Hill

Miss Phoebe Foster, a devoted worker in the Stage Woman's War Relief, as well as the star in "The Gipsy Trail," is just slipping on one of the windproof vests, made of old gloves and bits of leather, which offer such welcome protection to the men at the front

WHERE TO SEND OLD GLOVES

Although the Stage Woman's War Relief is by no means a small charity, it is replete with numerous branches; and among its many splendid activities, the work done by the Windproof Vest Committee and its helpers is especially interesting. Out of old gloves and pieces of leather, they are busily turning out for the fighting men garments that are really superior to the sweater. For, besides being warm, these vests are impervious to gusts of wind and assaults of "beasties" alike. The idea of making the vests came, like so many good things, from France. It was Miss Jessie Bonstelle who organized the committee for the Stage Woman's War Relief and who was the original Chairman. Now, donations are coming in rapidly and the work is well under way.

HOW WINDPROOF VESTS ARE MADE

The gloves go first to the receiving station at 18 West Thirty-fourth Street and from there to the cleaner. A well-known firm of theatrical cleaners has undertaken to do this part of the work. Then the gloves are cut to form flat pieces of leather, and in this state they are sent to the "factory" at 10 West Twenty-third Street. There is an interesting story connected with this workroom. Following a speech made before a club by Miss Florence Nash, an enthusiastic hearer asked what he could do to further the cause of windproof vests. It was plain that a place to work would be needed, and the very thing was offered—a large light loft installed with electrical sewing-machines that are accident proof. That was the beginning, and now white-aproned women are running these machines and turning out the useful vests with rapid ease. After the pieces of leather are pressed flat and sorted for size and colour, they are put together, basted, and stitched on paper patterns. The reverse side of the vest is made of cloth or Canton flannel and equipped with a roomy pocket, and the finished article is neatly bound with braid. Some of the specimens are unique and will doubtless afford cheering amusement to the recipients. One, for example, was christened the "Ancient Mariner," because a book cover emblazoned with those words formed its back, and another was a veritable collection of soliloquizing leather postcards.

A VARIETY OF GIVERS

Donations for the work are sent in from widely different sources. Lord and Taylor and McCreery, among others, have been especially generous, sending boxes of sample gloves, discarded stock, and glove ends. A cleaning establishment sent a large collection of their uncalled for gloves that are usually sold. The correspondence received by the committee shows a genuine interest and a desire to help among a large circle of people. From a half-blind woman shut in on a farm comes a letter offering the skins of her new-born lambs that so often die of the cold. A widow wants to know if old shoes are useful, and "The Aid Society of the Tribe of Ben Hur No. 48," somewhere in the Middle West, asks for the jacket pattern.

The Windproof Vest Committee is composed of Miss Christine Blessing, Miss Percy Haswell, and Miss Olive May, assisted by a number of industrious volunteers. They are glad to receive donations of any sort of usable leather, from kid gloves to pillow-tops. And they are especially grateful to those who send the gloves already cleaned. To be of value, the leather should be firm and whole when held up to the light; if the surface is broken, it can not possibly stand the hard wear given it in the trenches. Donations should be sent to the Stage Woman's War Relief, 18 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York.

PATRIOTIC SWEETS

There are more than a few who have kindly memories of the booth at Hero Land where "Commonwealth Sweets" were sold—delicious home-made candies that were giving up all cane and beet sugar for the Allies. These people will be glad to know—if they have not already made the discovery for themselves—that the candy is on sale for the benefit of soldiers at 313 Madison Avenue. "By eating a bit you are doing a bit" holds true in this case, for every sale means a comfort sent to a soldier. The proceeds go to the Trench Comfort Packets Committee and are used in sending shipments to men in service. Most of the candy is home-made and all of it contains only a minimum of sugar proper. Maple sugar is used to a large extent, and honey, molasses, glucose, chocolate, and nuts are important sugar-saving ingredients. No hard candies are sold. Miss Adrienne Rudkin has been the organizer of this war charity, and among her active helpers are Miss Margaret Solley, daughter of Dr. Frederick Palmer Solley, and Miss Lucy Benjamin, daughter of Mrs. William Wallace Benjamin. Here, too, one may order boxes to send to friends in camp.

TRENCH COMFORT PACKETS

The Trench Comfort Packets Committee, of which Mrs. Mary Willard Hatch is Chairman, and the Food for France Fund also have branches at this same address. There are attractive small things which one may buy to make more Comfort Packets possible, or one may order a Packet directly and even specify the soldier to whom it is to go. These Comfort Packets contain warm garments, soap, pencils, candles, paper, needles, thread, string, buttons, sweets, and other articles that every soldier needs and can not have unless they are sent him. Men in the service of both the United States

(*Continued on page 91*)

TWO RECENT WEDDINGS WHICH WERE OF INTEREST TO SOCIETY PICTURED BEAUTY TO THEIR LAST DETAIL

Charles A. Hoyle

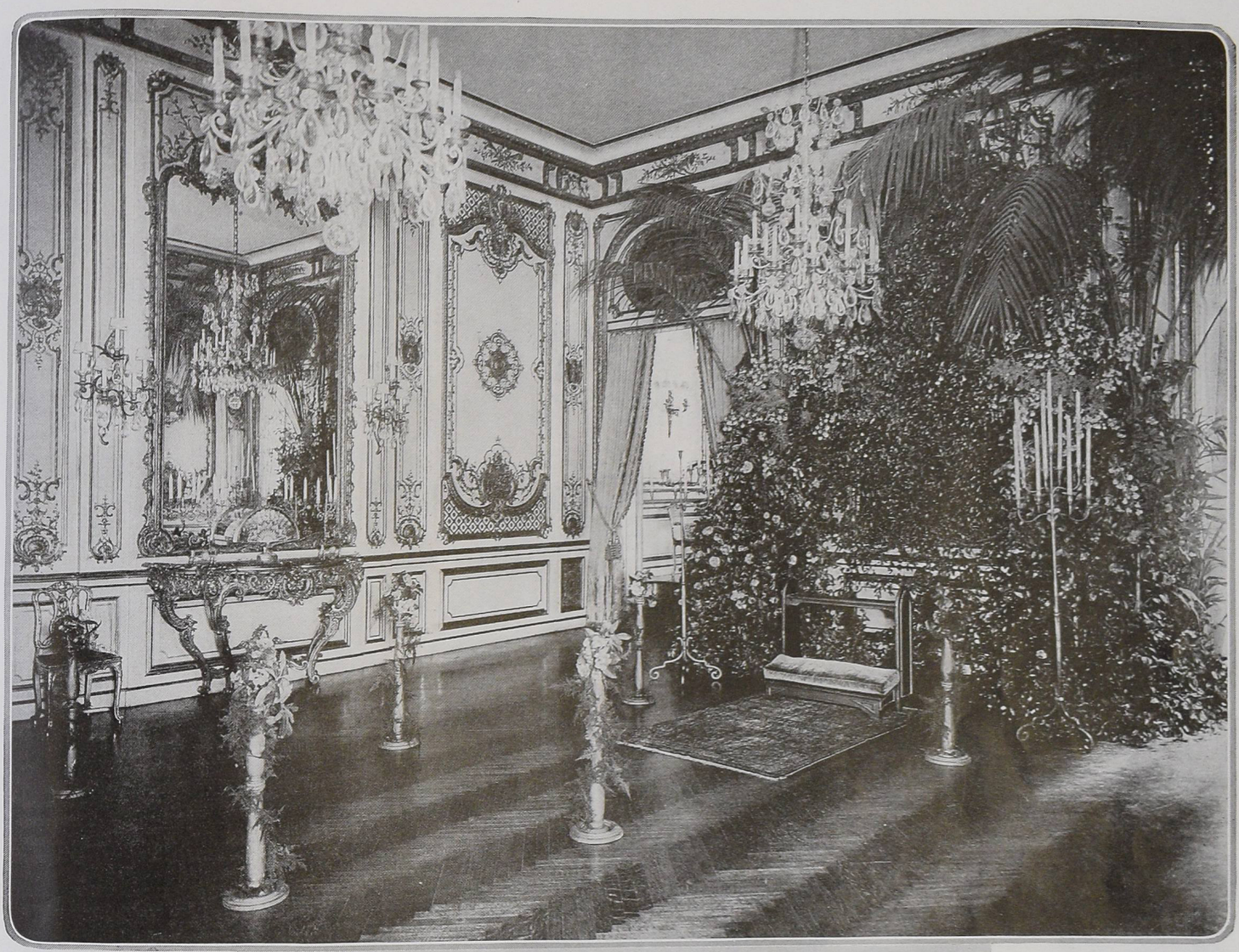
Miss Marie Converse, daughter of Mr. Frederick Converse, was married March 7, in Emmanuel Church, Boston, to Lieutenant George McCook, son of the late Anson McCook. Her gown of white satin was trimmed with old lace, and her tulle veil was caught with orange-blossoms. Mrs. McCook is a sister of Mrs. Junius Spencer Morgan, junior; Lieutenant McCook is stationed at Camp Upton, Yaphank, Long Island

Campbell Studios

Miss Louisa W. Cogswell, daughter of Mr. Cullen Van Rensselaer Cogswell, was married to Ensign Thomas Robins, junior, U. S. N., son of Mr. Thomas Robins, in the Church of the Ascension, March 16. The bride was charming in her grandmother's wedding-gown of white satin with old Brussels lace. Her point appliqué veil was held with orange-blossoms, and she carried lilies-of-the-valley and moss rosebuds

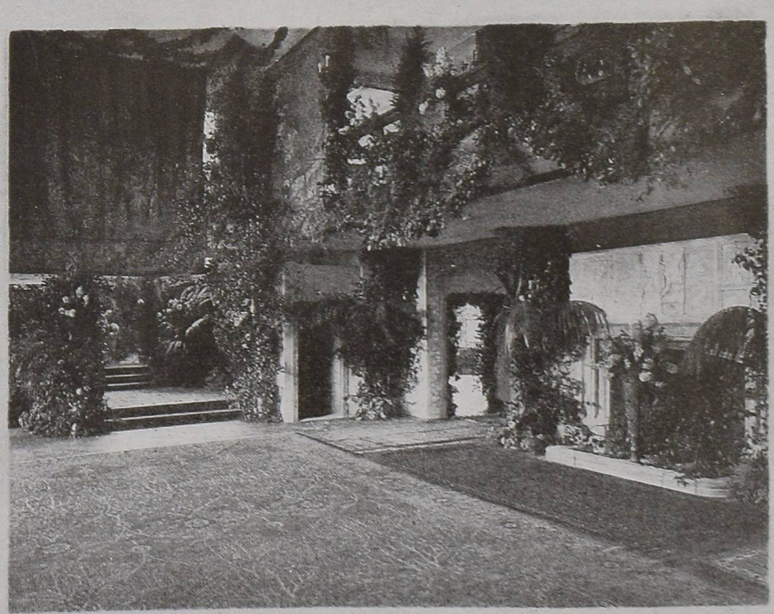
Campbell Studios

The bridesmaids at the Robins-Cogswell wedding were: (left to right, seated) Miss Audrey Riker; Miss Agnes Roudebush; (standing) Miss Mary Van R. Lorillard; Miss Irene Turnure, who has since become Mrs. Rudolph H. Kissel, junior; Miss Dorothy Caswell; Miss Mary Van R. Cogswell, a sister of the bride; Miss Virginia Loney, soon to marry Mr. Robert Howard Gamble; Miss Theodora Mead; Miss Elizabeth Manning



M. E. Hewitt Studio

(*Above*) *The beautiful ivory and gold drawing-room in the New York residence of Mr. George Grant Mason made a fitting setting for the marriage of his daughter, Miss Margaret Mason, to Lieutenant Samuel Colt, U. S. R. The simplicity of the decoration, with stands of flowers and greenery making an aisle to a prie-dieu in dull gold, which was flanked by two tall many-branched candlesticks, has great dignity as well as charm. Rose coloured camellias and pale yellow orchids were lovely against the bower of greens*



Parker

(*Left*) *The great hall of "Glynallyn," the new home of Mr. George Marshall Allen, at Morristown, New Jersey, was charmingly decorated for the reception after the wedding of his daughter, Miss Loraine Allen, to Lieutenant Allan MacDougall. The tapestry-hung walls were decorated with white birch boughs and Southern smilax; here and there were blue and pink hydrangeas. The stairway at the back leads to the upper balcony; at the right is the door into the morning-room, where the wedding party was served*

CHARMINGLY DECORATED, THE HOMES OF MR. GEORGE GRANT MASON AND MRS. GEORGE MARSHALL ALLEN WERE ESPECIALLY LOVELY SETTINGS FOR TWO PRETTY WAR WEDDINGS

WELL-KNOWN WOMEN FROM OUR TWO MOST INTERESTING CITIES, NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON

© Western Newspaper Union

Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden, seen walking on Fifth Avenue, has an interesting chairmanship—that of the Pig Committee of Nassau county. She not only preaches an increase of pork production, but she plans to raise pigs on her own estate

Harris and Ewing

Mrs. Francis H. Leggett, an American who has lived much in England, spent the winter at the Shoreham in Washington. Her country house is "Hall's Croft," the famous home of Shakspere's daughter. The Countess of Sandwich and Mrs. David Margessen are daughters of Mrs. Leggett

(Left) The Marquise de Polignac, the widow of the late James B. Eustis, was married October 24 to the Marquis de Polignac, who is associated with M. André Tardieu, the High Commissioner of France. The Marquis and the Marquise have taken a house in Washington

(Right) Mrs. Henry Tilghman Bull, who was Miss Sally Wainwright before her marriage, is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Bull. She has spent most of her life in Washington

Harris and Ewing

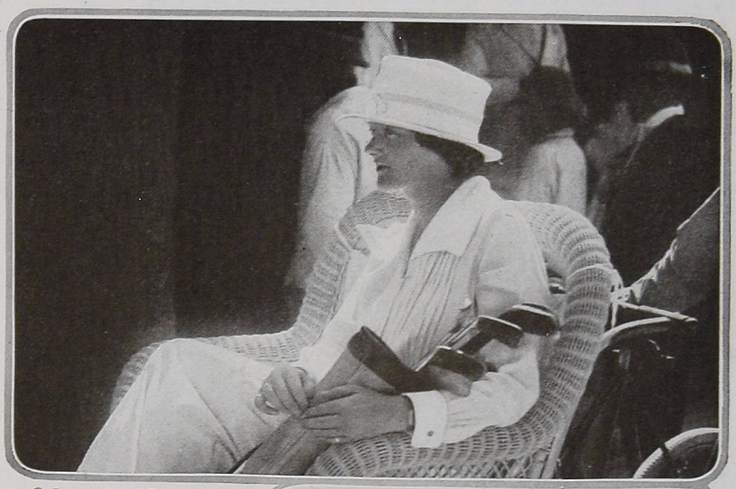
The Countess de La Grèze, who was Miss Eleanor H. Steele, daughter of Mr. Charles Steele and a sister of Mrs. Devereux Milburn, has spent much of her time in Washington. The Count and Countess were often at Piping Rock last spring

Harris and Ewing

Harris and Ewing

By Geisler and Andrews, from Central News Photo Service

With Mrs. Frank Duff Frazier (back) is Miss Mary Warburton, wearing one of the new poke bonnets. Mrs. Duff was a patroness and Miss Warburton one of those present at the Royal Poinciana concert for Belgians who have lost their entire wealth in the war



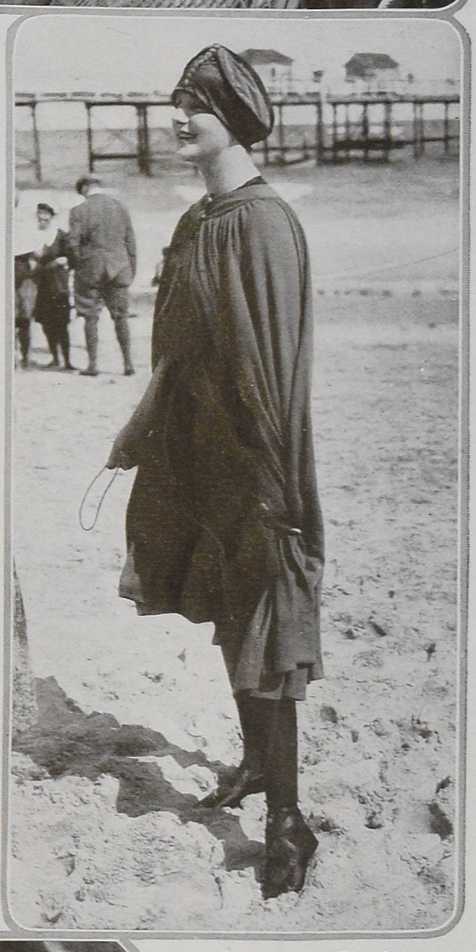
© International Film Service

Miss Hilda Holmes, daughter of Mr. Artemas Holmes, is seen riding in a wheel-chair at Palm Beach. Miss Holmes takes a great interest in German shepherd dogs, and, when she is in New York, she is frequently seen on the Avenue with one of her dogs

THOUGH FASHION AND AMUSEMENT WERE NOT ABSENT FROM PALM BEACH THIS SEASON, USEFUL WAR ACTIVITIES WERE THE FIRST INTEREST

Mr. Charles B. Alexander, Miss Harriet McCook, and Mrs. John M. L. Rutherfurd are enjoying a quiet time on the beach. Miss McCook entered the tennis tournament for the war ambulance fund of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association. Mrs. Rutherfurd, an ardent war worker, was among those who aided Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Barbey as captain of the Poinciana team in the War Savings Stamp drive

By Geisler and Andrews, from Central News Photo Service



© International Film Service

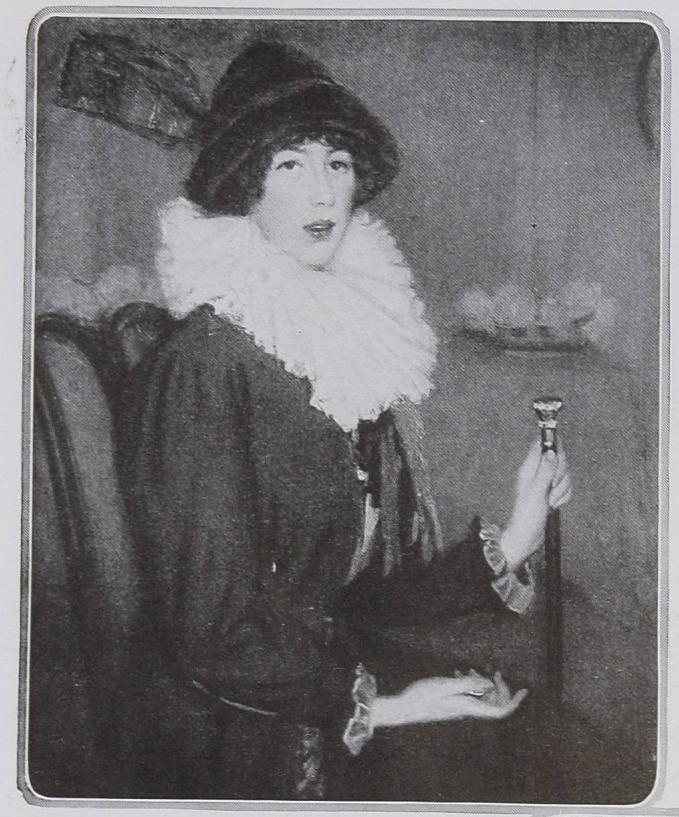
Mrs. Charles W. Band, of Toronto and New York, who is working for the Allies, as her knitting-bag shows, wears the most charming frocks. This one of white silk serge is embroidered in Joffre blue, and the lower part of the skirt is of white knitted wool. Her sweater is of Joffre blue, with collar and scarf of white Angora

© International Film Service

Mrs. Huntington Wilson, of Washington, is spending the season at her Palm Beach cottage, "El Nido." At the Cocoanut Grove benefit for the Good Samaritan Hospital, Mrs. Wilson purchased one of the tables which were auctioned off for the evening. In this picture she wears a very smart bathing cap with a long beach cape

ART

By MARION E. FENTON

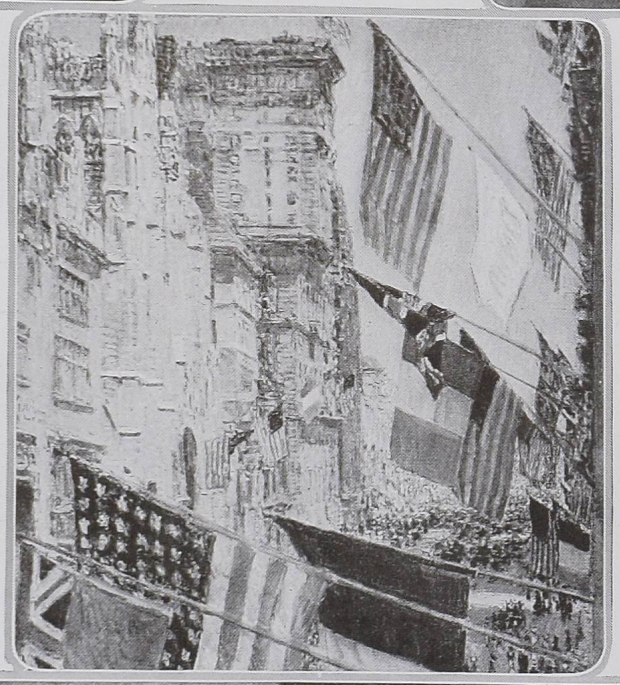


Peter A. Juley

"Portrait," by Philip L. Hale, had the distinction of being one of few portraits at the Academy Exhibition

(Below) Childe Hassam stands supreme as the painter of floating flags in our city streets. "Allies' Day, May, 1917," won for him the second Altman Prize at the exhibition of the National Academy of Design

"Maytime," by Ivan G. Olinsky, although divided in composition, was full of charm both in quality and colour



THERE is much truth in the saying that a work of art to-day must be of unusual force or beauty to gain such response as might have come easily to it before the war. Although this may have had its influence in dimming the brilliancy of the ninety-third annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, it is equally true that the exhibition was not a brilliant one and that this was in part due to patriotic reasons, for many of our artists have joined the colours for the country and left the colours of the palette for times of peace. And even those who might have sent canvases from a distance to add to the success of the exhibition were so hampered by transportation difficulties that not more than two-thirds the expected number of canvases were sent in, with the unusual result that all that were accepted were hung, yet did not crowd the walls more than ordinarily.

THE FIRST ALTMAN PRIZE

The first Altman prize was given to Paul Dougherty for a rather heavy painting of brown rock and green swirling water, called "Bottallack Cove." The water was ably painted, but the rocks which framed it into its narrow pool were less convincing and much less interesting than has been most of this painter's work. It was a painting scarcely inspired to the point of a thousand dollar prize. The second Altman prize seemed more happily bestowed on Childe Hassam, who has shown us, this last year, the beauty of floating flags along Fifth Avenue and has painted them with great skill and beauty. In his "Allies' Day, May, 1917," which won the Altman prize, he treated a difficult subject with such skill as to make of it a thing of beauty in which the bright colours of the flags formed a brilliant and varied pattern against the soft greys of their background. One of the recent paintings of Indian life, "Going East," by Walter Ufer, won the Thomas B. Clarke prize. Although it was hard and a painting of type rather than of individual portraiture, it was sufficiently strong and vigorous to merit notice and to claim a prize.

A SYMPATHETIC CHILD PORTRAIT

For her sympathetic and wistful child portrait, "Tell Me a Story," Lydia Field Emmet received the Isaac N. Maynard prize. Her painting was one of the truly delightful canvases in the exhibition, painted in full accord with her subject and with a skill and grace which made it not only pleasing as a portrait, but also a canvas of distinction and charm.

To the admirers of the work of Joseph Pearson, Jr., who has painted so many excellent and decorative compositions after the spirit of Japanese design, with bird and landscape motifs, "Spring," which won the Saltus Medal, was a disappointment. In contrast to his usual richness of effect, this painting was thin and cold. Howard Giles, who has painted "Maine Woods" with his mind bent on the newly demonstrated theory of the basis of all Greek and related Art—that of the growth of plant form as typified in the sunflower—won the Inness Gold Medal; while the three Julius Hallgarten prizes were awarded for two portraits and an able still life. The first of these went to Leopold Seyffert for a hard and definite portrait of "Mrs. Leopold Seyffert," a portrait painted in modernist spirit and enveloped in little mystery. It was in marked contrast to the "Self Portrait" by Lazar Raditz, which won the second prize. While the first included the portrait

(Continued on page 96

Decorative and broadly painted, with a freedom which was in keeping with its subject, was "Youth," by Max Bohm

MAKERS of MUSIC

Leopold Auer and Some of the Fixed Stars Which His Hand Has Placed in the Musical Firmament

By HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL

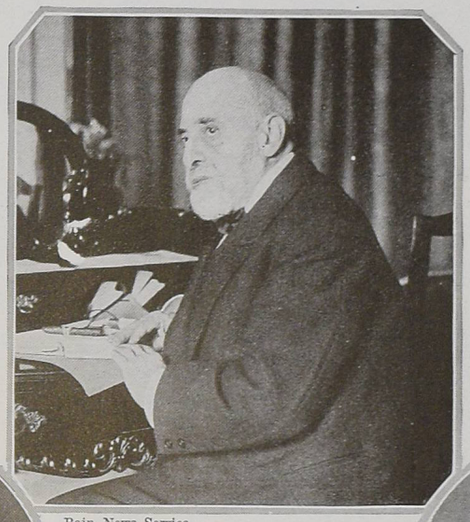
ONE afternoon, late in March, an audience of eager Americans crowded Carnegie Hall to listen to the playing of a little man of seventy-two winters, whose finger-work on his violin was not of the deftest, whose tone sometimes slipped, and whose bow was not always coordinated with the work of his left hand. It showered him with applause; it stood in the aisles and shouted its greetings; it gazed on him with affectionate reverence and called him out again and again before it would permit him to leave the scene of his triumph.

One might well suppose that this audience was applauding the old man's past, since in the present he was obviously not a great virtuoso. And this was partly true. But more particularly the audience was applauding his future.

For Leopold Auer, who is now for the first time in his life in America, has a brilliant future, not "behind him," as the cynic says, but before him. It is as brilliant a future as that of any musician in the past two generations.

A FUTURE IN HIS PUPILS

Auer's future is in his pupils. As virtuoso he looks backward to the great days of Joachim and Wieniawski, but as teacher he looks forward. He looks forward to the maturing of the amazing powers of Jascha Heifetz, to the ripening of Max Rosen's notable talent, to the continued growth of such artists as Mischa Elman and Efrem Zimbalist, Kathleen Parlow, Francis McMillen, Eddy Brown, and Evelyn Starr. And the end is not yet. For, coincident with Auer's appearance on the concert platform came the announcement that yet another of his pupils, Toscha Seidel, enthusiastically praised by the master, had come to New York with him to play before the end of the present season. Thelma Given was promised for next season, and David Hochstein and Alexander Bloch were already known and admired for their exceptional gifts. Apparently the list is without end. Perhaps reddest Russia still conceals more of Auer's prodigies who will come to us some day and discourse on their instruments of their master's genius.



Bain News Service

Leopold Auer, of famous past and glorious future

AN AMAZING ASSEMBLAGE OF TALENTS

It was Auer's future as measured by these names that the American audience was applauding in Carnegie Hall that afternoon. No one would question the justice of the tribute. Liszt himself did not countersign so amazing an assemblage of talents. In the sheer impressiveness of accumulated reputations there has been nothing so surprising in the musical world for decades; and not even Leschetizky has equalled it. But this "billboard test" is only the beginning of the story. What is most surprising in Auer's pupils is not their outward success, but their widely differing individualities. It is the teacher who can train dozens of youngsters to virtuosity, who is unusual, but the truly great master develops to the utmost what is personal to each, and leaves the soul free, although he trains the fingers to his own standards. Many a teacher is proud of the "studio mark" which he can place upon all who come under his guidance, but it is Auer's dearest boast that his pupils bear no mark save their own.

Perhaps it was less than just to dwell in the beginning of this article upon the few marks which age has set upon Auer's playing; they were details, detected by the close observer only. The impression which the man left was that of an almost youthful vigour; his tone was

(*Continued on page 87*)

Mishkin

Mischa Elman, the Russian with the "singing tone," is perhaps the most famous of Auer's pupils

Kathleen Parlow, an Auer pupil who will return to America next year

Mishkin

Efrem Zimbalist, the husband of Alma Gluck, the soprano, also calls Professor Auer "Master"

Apeda

Eddy Brown, the American, who as a child prodigy studied with Hubay, had his final coaching at Petrograd under Auer

Maurice Goldberg

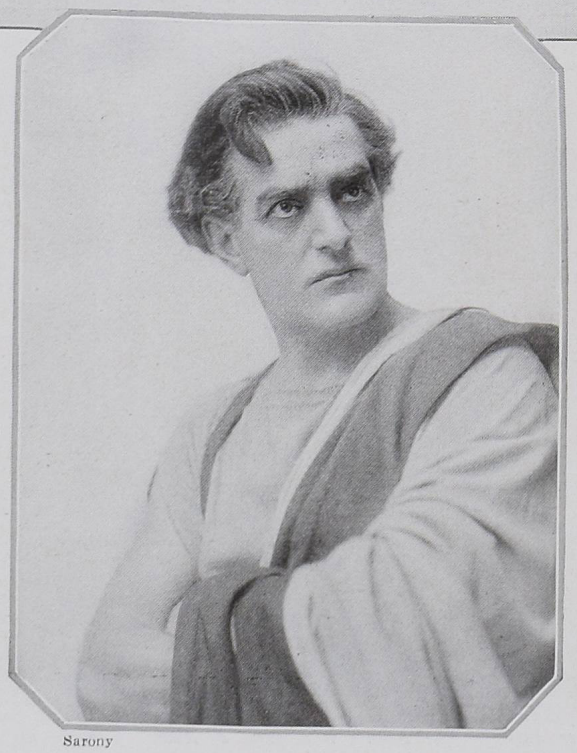
Heifetz, one of the sensations of the season, is a pupil of Auer

© Victor Georg

Toscha Seidel, who came to this country with Professor Auer, made his début in New York at Carnegie Hall on April 14

Baron de Meyer

Laurette Taylor has taken time to give four matinées of the plays of Shakespeare on four Fridays in April. She appeared in scenes from "The Taming of the Shrew," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Merchant of Venice," and her rôles were played, not according to tradition, but as she herself understood them. A special performance for the benefit of the Red Cross was given early in April at the private theatre of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, on his estate at Scarborough. This photograph gives a bit of the atmosphere with which Laurette Taylor played Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew"



Sarony

Tyrone Power does his duty by Broadway by being villain in "Chu Chin Chow," but that doesn't keep him from playing a very worthy Brutus in "Julius Cæsar," given at the matinée performances of The Shakespeare Playhouse. These performances are given on Saturday mornings and late in the afternoon on week-days, so that they may be attended by that generation which spends most of its waking hours in the schoolroom

SEEN *on the* STAGE

One Problem of Present-Day Education Is the Production of the Plays of Shakspere

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

Matzene

Holbrook Blinn plays the leading male rôle in "Getting Together," that successful patriotic melodrama that Ian Hay, Hartley Manners, and Percival Knight wrote to help the recruiting propaganda

Two photographs by Sarony

Blanche Bates plays opposite Holbrook Blinn in "Getting Together," which, unfortunately, could stay in New York but one week, since it was needed for the recruiting under British management

BECAUSE we lack a national theatre, like the *Comédie-Française*, or even a first-class private repertory institution, such as *Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier*, the problem of keeping the major plays of Shakspere before the theatregoing public of America has become exceedingly embarrassing. This problem is vitally important and must somehow be solved. Every English-speaking child is entitled by his birth not only to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," but also to the privilege of seeing the plays of Shakspere on the stage. We should always remember that each successive college generation endures only for four years and that a high-school generation lasts for only six. Therefore, if half a dozen years are allowed to elapse without an adequate production of "Hamlet," an entire generation of school and college students will be robbed of the privilege of seeing this supreme masterpiece of our English drama at their most impressionable period.

A quarter of a century ago, there was no problem of this kind. My own experience in this regard may be taken as typical of countless others. I am at present thirty-six years old; but, before I had attained the age of twelve, I had already seen no less than twenty of the plays of Shakspere. I distinctly remember that, shortly after my fourteenth birthday, I learned the entire text of "Macbeth" verbatim, from the outset to the end, in order to be the better prepared to study the readings and the business of the great Modjeska on the occasion of a contemplated visit, for the seventh time, to her superb performance. I have now begun to wonder if my own sons will be cheated out of a similar experience of enthusiasm when they shall attain, in their turn, the ages of fourteen and twelve. Doubtless, in that future period, there will be no Modjeska on our stage:—God makes so few of them. But what if there should be no production of "Macbeth" at all? . . . That is the problem that we have to face; and this problem is particularly vital to those of us who are concerned with the bringing up of children. What, in future years, will be the use of being twelve years old if there is, at that time, no "Hamlet" in the theatre?

Twenty-five years ago, the plays of Shakspere were continually kept before the public by a considerable group of actors whose reputation was based on their ability to portray the great characters of our greatest dramatist. The pitiable fact must now be faced that this departed generation has left no notable successors to carry on the work. The retirement of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern left a gap in our theatre which has not been filled. The sole continuator of the old tradition of the classic repertory at the present time is Mr. Robert B. Mantell; and, because of his age, it seems likely that his active services will not endure beyond another decade. We still have plenty of people on our stage who are able to interpret Shakspere; but, because of present-day conditions, their time is devoted, for the most part, to acting in the plays of some lesser authors. Margaret Anglin, for example, has developed a Shaksperian repertory that is keenly alive and thoroughly delightful; but, owing to the pressure of many other interests (some of which, like her repertory of Greek tragedy, are of quite commensurate importance) she allows her Shakspere to be seen only once in half a dozen years.

Shakspere cannot be kept

(*Continued on page 94*)

(*Middle above*) *We haven't forgotten the appeal of Laura Hope Crews in "Peter Ibbetson," so that in "A Pair of Petticoats," a fragile comedy, she still holds our interest*

(*Left*) *To have seen Jacques Copeau, François Gournac, and Louis Jouvet in "Les Frères Karamazov" is to realize fully just what supreme acting is*

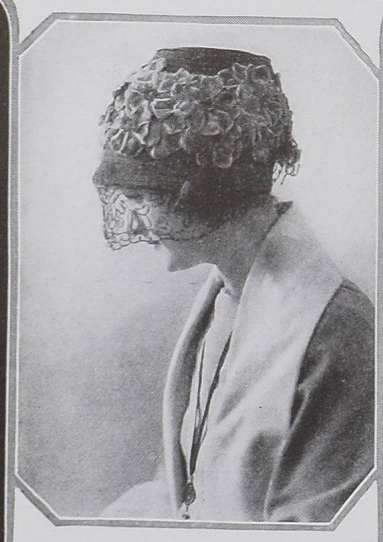
FOR MOODS AS FAR APART AS SPAIN AND FIFTH AVENUE BILLIE BURKE WEARS A FRINGED CAPE OR A FLOWER-COVERED TOQUE

Billie Burke in a lace-trimmed muslin blouse from Bendel is an advance agent for summer weather. In fact there is a general festival air about Miss Burke in this photograph that gives the most casual and dispirited observer to understand that life is delightfully gay, if only one looks at it through a lace veil, brightly. A pear-shaped ornament of jade, on a woven green cord, held by a Chinese mandarin emblem, draws a streak of vivid colour on the white background of muslin and lace

(Below) Those who held off a bit when capes were first mentioned are rapidly changing their minds—and for reasons such as this one from Tappé. One glance at its long black duvetyn folds is enough to convert any woman, and further examination of its grey duvetyn lining that shows at the neck and occasionally glimpses out at the side, will make her an ardent devotee. The Bendel hat is of black straw, and the part that looks white is really fashioned of royal blue ostrich fronds

(Below) This smart jersey cloth model from Lichtenstein uses not one of the gay colours that we associate with this graceful type of informal suit. It is a soft grey all over, and where the collar turns back in a great roll, it is faced with white jersey cloth. The coat is half a cape, and the sleeves look suspiciously like those of old dolman design—and a jersey cloth dolman is a quaint thought. The Bendel hat is grey embroidered straw, lined with blue

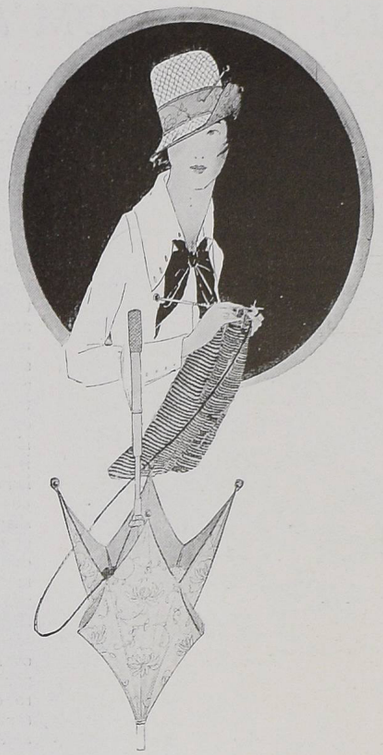
Charlotte Fairchild



When one sees a little veil which comes just below a provoking nose and just above a delightful upper lip one remembers the days of chignons and little round hats—such veils were in their heyday when Saratoga Springs was full of belles, and Niagara Falls the "set" for honeymoons. Very appropriately the brown hat from Lichtenstein on which this veil is worn is covered with velvet flowers of a faded rose-colour—ashes of roses was a favourite shade in Queen Victoria's young days

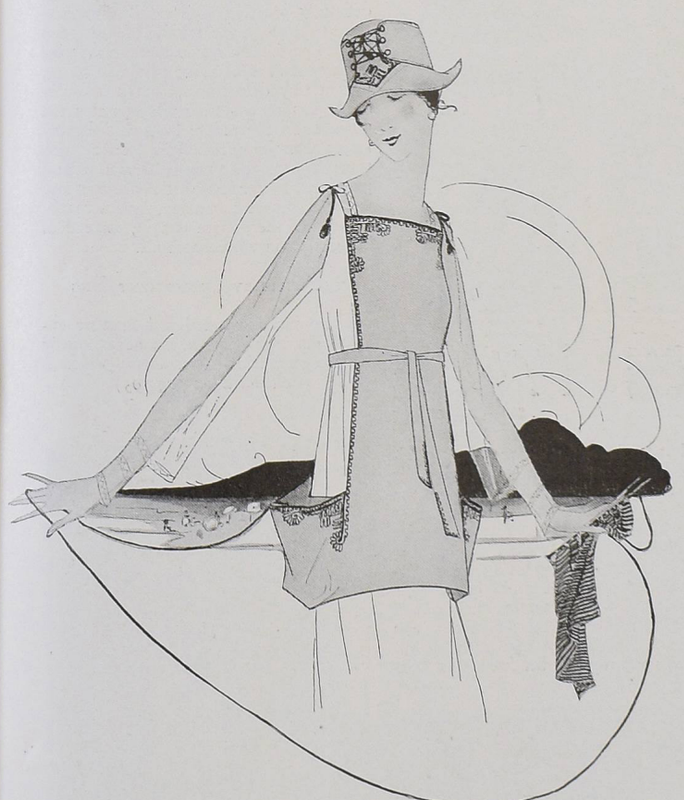
HATS AND PARASOLS AND BAGS WHICH WILL MAKE A GAY AND CHARMING BIT OF COLOUR IN ANY SUMMER LANDSCAPE

MODELS FROM ALTMAN



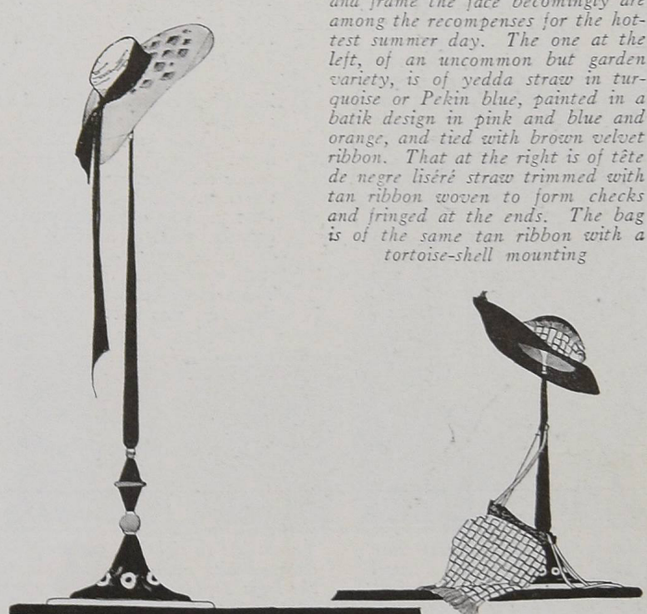
Whether the background is a stretch of beach or a summer veranda or a tennis court, the foreground is bound to be altogether charming when it contains a decorative person with a hat of natural colour straw banded with Chinese red brocaded silk and a parasol-knitting-bag of the same gorgeous red fabric. The parasol handle is of natural wood and the hatpins which are thrust through the hat are tipped with balls of Chinese carved wood

There are ever so many delightful things brought out by the summer sun, such as roses and hollyhocks and shade hats and parasols. This hat and parasol should bloom at the same time, for the hat is of purple yedda straw faced with white crêpe and tied about the top of the crown with purple and white checked grosgrain ribbon ending in a perky bow, and the parasol is of purple silk banded with the ribbon and having a handle of white enamel



This sports coat didn't bother with sleeves or a collar or even shoulders, for it felt—and quite rightly—that it could count on its own loveliness to make up for a great many things which are necessities to its plainer sisters. Its plainer sisters, you see, are not shimmery affairs of yellow and white changeable silk embroidered in navy blue silk and tied at the shoulders with navy blue cords. If an added attraction were needed, it is more than furnished by the small sports hat of the same happy colours and materials

Big summery hats which offer shade and frame the face becomingly are among the recompenses for the hottest summer day. The one at the left, of an uncommon but garden variety, is of yedda straw in turquoise or Pekin blue, painted in a batik design in pink and blue and orange, and tied with brown velvet ribbon. That at the right is of tête de negre liséré straw trimmed with tan ribbon woven to form checks and fringed at the ends. The bag is of the same tan ribbon with a tortoise-shell mounting



THE BRIDE *has a* THOUSAND JEWELS; *the* GROOM *but* ONE

Baron de Meyer

A still life group from the bride's dressing-table affords a glimpse of some of those little things that make engagements delightful and marriages successful

THERE was a time when there was just one thing that a wedding-ring could be, and if it varied so much as a millimetre from prescribed breadth and thickness, the woman who was destined to wear it might just as well have interspersed the marriage ceremony with quotations from Amy Lowell—the effect on her startled friends and family would have been the same. But now all that has changed; wedding-rings may be as varied as the emotions of the bridegroom. That fourteen-carat-clad conventionality is a thing of the past. Wedding-rings range from slender fine-spun circles of platinum to elaborately engraved platinum bands that stop at nothing in the way of decoration—not even diamonds. As to the motif engraved on these new rings, it can be almost anything the bride has a fancy for, from edelweiss to orange-blossoms. A ring beautifully engraved is shown in the group at the bottom of this page.

RINGS THAT MAKE ENGAGEMENTS EASY

But, of course, the wedding-ring is reached only by the natural and easy transition of the engagement ring; and nothing could be easier or more natural for any one to accept than the engagement rings that are being designed nowadays. For the day of the simple gold hoop, firmly grasping a single diamond in its many-pronged clutch, has gone. When in the spring a young girl (whose fancies are much fancier than any young man's) begins to think of diamonds, she sees them in the plural, exquisitely set in platinum and surrounded by brilliants. Perhaps she occasionally muses on a sapphire, or even two, set in a perfect galaxy of beautifully cut diamonds in a design that resembles a delicate frostwork rather than a man-made commodity. (And if anything ever was a man-made commodity, the engagement ring is it.) Of course, there was a pre-hoop period—that mid-Victorian time when the cipher engagement rings were so popular. These rings were gold bands set with stones, the initial letters of which spelled such trifles as "Affection" or "Regards" or "Allegiance." The woman whose ring spelled merely "Love," was considered positively neglected. That was on the outside; but the engravings on the inside of these rings were to those external sentiments as the chapter heads of a Henry James novel are to the chapters. Engagements at that time were affairs of crushing solemnity. The bride-to-be was constantly reminded that hers was not to reason why; hers was but to thank an all-beneficent Providence that it had seen fit to lift from her the menace of spinsterhood. And so the inscriptions in the engagement-rings of those times had all the easy lyric grace of epitaphs. The woman whose ring bore the noncommittal "A Pledge of Affection," or the brief more businesslike "Aff'ly," followed by a terse statement of the initials of all parties involved, was spared a great many harrowing details and was regarded by her friends as "sensible," with a leaning toward executive ability.

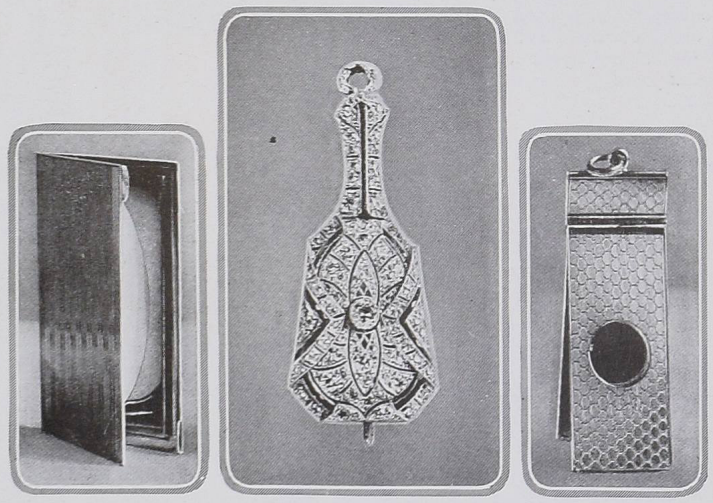
But nowadays rings are being designed to make engagements easy. Since platinum has been recognized as the proper setting for engagement-rings, the designers have never run out of beautiful designs. Diamonds are being cut in new and unusual ways; and besides the much-favoured emerald-cut diamond there are many new and original shapes. There is one new cutting that is almost, but not quite, heart shaped. The obvious sentiment of a heart-shaped diamond, would, of course, be in rather dubious taste, but this method of cutting them merely suggests a heart shape, while in reality the diamond is cut in an oval with one rather pointed end. A diamond so cut and set with a sapphire of identical cut and size is shown at the extreme left of the group of rings at the bottom of the page. These stones are outlined with minute but perfectly cut diamonds that reflect the lustre of the larger stones and add an exquisite fineness to the ring. Another variation of this type of ring is shown at the extreme right of the group. Then there is one particularly beautiful ring with a sapphire in the middle and a diamond cut to suggest a heart on each side of it. These stones are mounted in a wonderfully made platinum setting, delicately jewelled with small diamonds; this is shown in the middle of the group on this page. If a round diamond is used it may be set in a square platinum frame, with a tiny diamond set in each corner of the square, a setting which makes the diamond in the centre look considerably larger than its actual size. A ring with the stone set this way is shown on this page, and to the left of it is another ring set in a square mounting, but with the corners of the square cut in, instead of being filled in with diamonds.

THE MILITARY ENGAGEMENT RING

There has been designed another engagement ring that is meant especially for the war bride-to-be, a ring which is

(*Continued on page 95*)

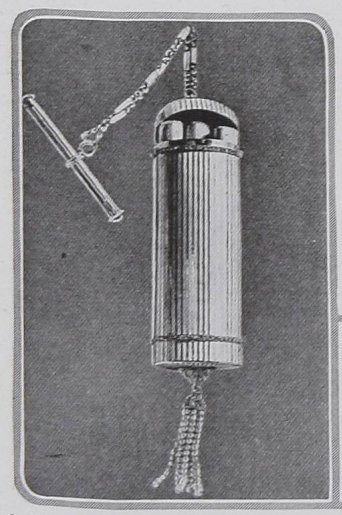
JEWELLERY FROM MARCUS



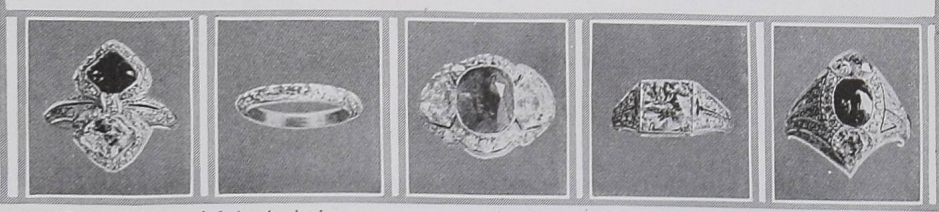
This photograph case (for the groom, this time) is of engine-turned gold

When the bride wears this lorgnette, it looks like a beautiful pendant of platinum

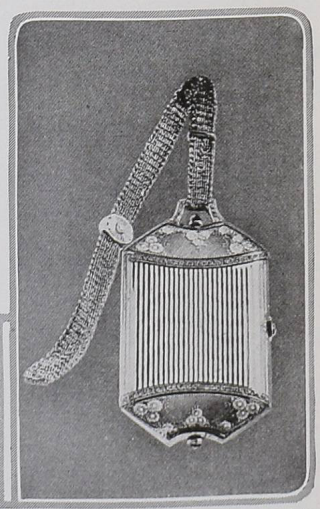
This is a clever and useful address book with engine-turned gold covers



A diamond-banded cigarette case of gold and enamel has a tassel of seed pearls and a convenient lip-stick linked to its handle



(From left to right) A platinum engagement ring is set with a diamond and a sapphire and outlined with small diamonds; the new wedding-rings are slender engraved bands of platinum; the large sapphire of this engagement ring is between two diamonds; the square mounting of this engagement ring is unusual; two diamonds of a new cut flank this perfect sapphire

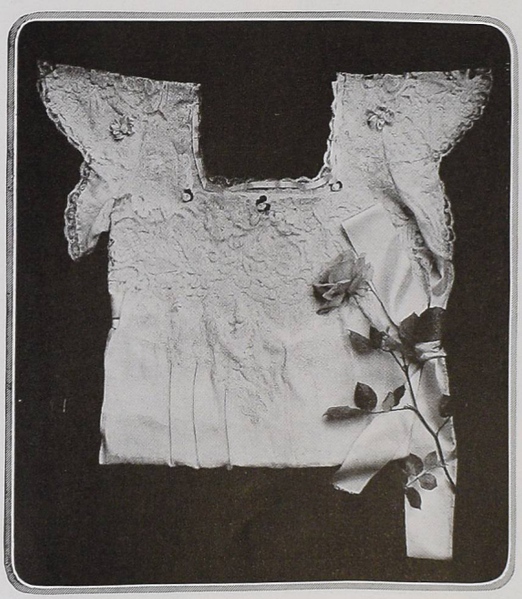


Green gold is the background for the enamel design and the diamond bands which make this vanity case so irresistible

HAND-WOVEN LINENS AND REAL LACES TURNED INTO EXQUISITE LINGERIE FOR THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU

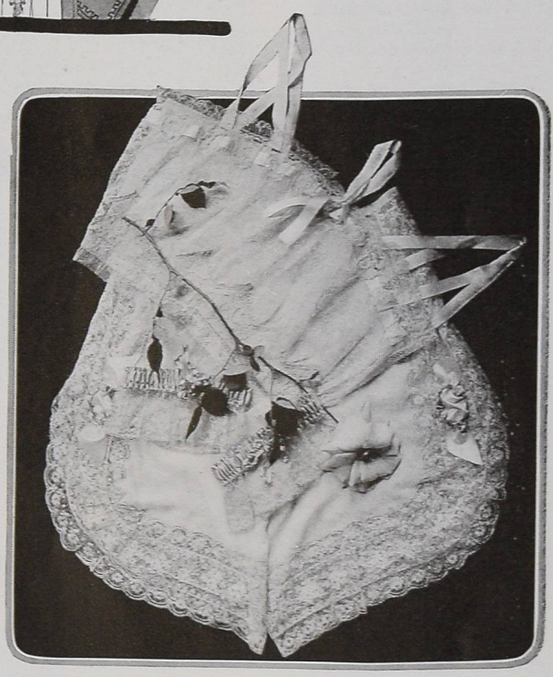
LINGERIE FROM OTTILIE BRAND

To enjoy the luxurious comfort of a negligée, one should wear a boudoir corset (that is a brassière as well) as guiltless of bones as the one at the left of the sketch. It is of triple voile trimmed with bands of pink satin and hand-made flowers, and it is every bit as dainty as the new Dutch cap of fine cream Malines lace with flowers in pastel colours. The pink satin corset for a young girl, shown at the right of the sketch, slips on over the hips and buttons at the back. It is trimmed with real filet lace and has suspenders of double pink satin ribbons; corsets from Marguerite Lacroix



It's like the nightrobe of a princess in a fairy-tale, for its sheer linen was woven by hand and its lacy top is of Bruges and Valenciennes lace and à jour embroidery, with satin roses and maidenhair fern. There are knickerbockers and a chemise to match

Soft and fine and lacy is this chemise of hand-woven linen embroidered and edged with Binche lace and trimmed with rose satin ribbons. Drawers to match are trimmed with rose satin



A charming camisole is of filet lace, Lierre lace, Malines edging, and rose ribbon. The drawers are of flesh voile ninon, Alençon lace, and Valenciennes lace with pink satin ribbons, and the garters are Malines lace and soft rose satin with loops and rosebuds

The love of beautiful laces and linens is an inherent part of every woman's make-up. That's why the possession of a nightgown of handkerchief linen, exquisitely embroidered and trimmed with Valenciennes lace and rose satin ribbons, is such a soul-satisfying experience. The attached sleeves of Valenciennes lace are unusual; there is a set of underwear to match the nightgown

This chemise and petticoat live up to the bride's loveliest gowns. The chemise is of fine linen tucked, embroidered, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace and rose satin ribbons. The petticoat is of sheer lawn with an organdie flounce edged with point de Paris and Valenciennes lace. Rose satin banders are embroidered with the name of the garments which they hold

BELGIAN WAR LACES FOR THE BRIDAL CHEST

AT the time of the French Revolution, Marie Antoinette's answer to her starving people was that if they could not get bread, they might eat cake. And now, when the supply of linens is continually growing scarcer, one responds to the bride with the suggestion that she fill her chest with laces instead of linens. Thus the law of compensation plays its part, for exquisite laces are coming from the devastated towns in Belgium with an appeal that the bride of to-day can not leave unanswered. The story of how these laces have been rescued is an interesting one and explains how one may share in a deserving form of war relief for the Belgian women.

THE LACEMAKERS OF BELGIUM

A great part of the work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium has been to give aid to the lacemakers, for war threatened the national industry with complete disaster and its workers with destitution. Almost immediately after the outbreak of hostilities, the *Comité de la Dentelle* was formed in Brussels to carry on and even to enlarge the work of the "Friends of Lace" society, founded by the Queen of Belgium. One of the active members of this committee was the Viscountess de Beughem, who was Miss Mitchell, of Washington. Women were enrolled all over Belgium, lace schools were instituted for children, and local committees were appointed to direct the work and give intelligent assistance. Artists of international repute gave their services for the more elaborate designs, and a permanent staff of expert designers was engaged for the simpler work. The committee also bought up all the necessary special thread available as raw material.

A WHOLESALE LACE ESTABLISHMENT

The Belgian National Committee of Relief and the American Commission for Relief in Belgium soon cooperated with the *Comité de la Dentelle*, so that a vast wholesale lace establishment was made possible. Through their combined exertions over fifty thousand lacemakers have been given employment, and, besides maintaining it at present, they are preparing for the development of the craft after the war. An active interest in this admirable cause has been taken by the Princess Napoléon, who was Clémentine of Belgium, third daughter of King Léopold II. She has the title of *Altesse Impériale*, and is an aunt of Albert, King of Belgium.

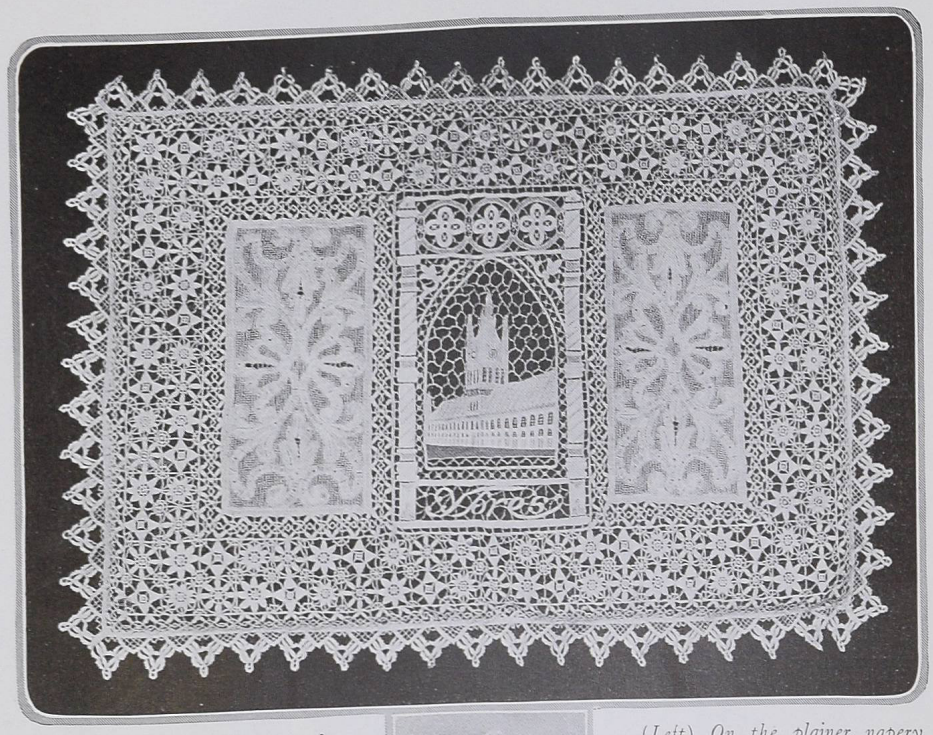
Belgium has always been a great lace centre, with nine hundred schools in which one hundred and fifty thousand men and women were employed in Brussels alone. It is evident that lacemaking there can certainly not be considered a craft of luxury. It is the national industry, meaning the very life of thousands of Belgians, and should have our heartiest support. The deep interest in the cause that Europe has shown is rapidly making itself felt in America, and notable exhibitions of laces have been placed on view both in England and in this country. The one in London, at the residence of the American Ambassador in Grosvenor Gardens, was visited by Queen Mary and opened to the public by the Princess Napoléon. In England these laces are sold at the Belgian Lace Shop, 14 Piccadilly Avenue. To-day, in the London office of the wholesale department of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, there are over four million francs' worth of the finest laces; except from this source there is no other stock of real Belgian war laces for sale.

BELGIAN LACES IN AMERICA

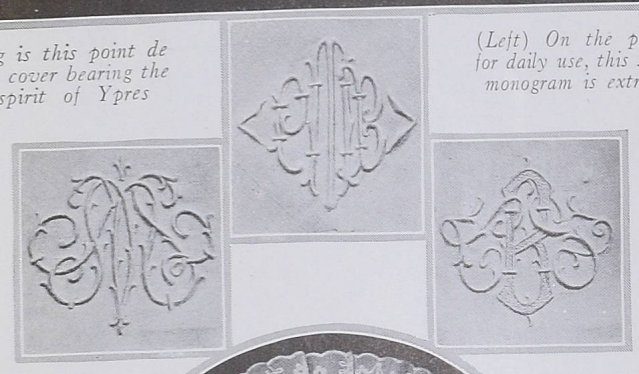
In New York, an exhibition of some of these beautiful Belgian laces was lately held at the Arden Studios; it closed March 30, but the laces are now on sale at 165 Broadway. Every one will of course want to help the Belgian lacemakers, and the bride will find that this handiwork has an especial interest for her. For her wedding-chest this year, she must be content with but a small supply of actual necessities in linen, since it is impossible to obtain more linen for several years to come. She may, however, start a collection of Belgian laces with a clear conscience, for each piece that she buys means a direct contribution to war relief. Lace again became fashionable this winter for bedspreads and dressing-table covers, and it is used in the dining-room on the sideboard, for table-cloths, centrepieces, doilies, tea-cloths, and runners.

The laces that are now on sale offer an opportunity to add rare and priceless pieces to the bride's collection and make

(*Continued on page 91*)



Very appealing is this point de Venise cushion cover bearing the arms and spirit of Ypres

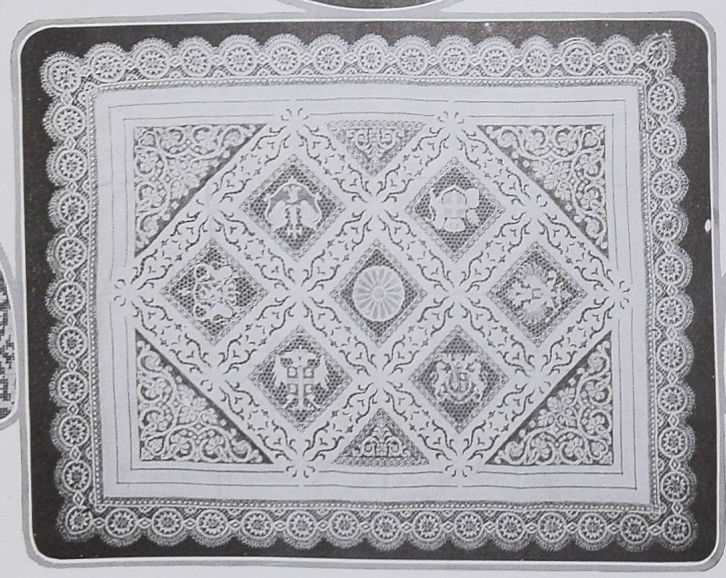


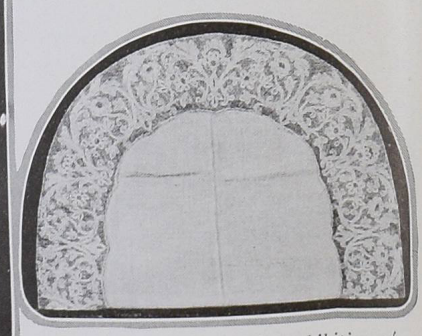
The monogram above and that directly opposite it, show more elaborate designs to correspond with lace-trimmed linens; three monograms from Max Littwitz

(Left) On the plainer napery for daily use, this severe type of monogram is extremely smart

This cushion cover, from the exhibition at the Arden Studios, expresses in the heads of wheat the Belgians' gratitude to America for bread; diameter, 27 in.

A detail of the cloth at the right, with squares of Venetian point-lace surrounded by Cluny and filet lace, shows in the symbols of the Allies how the Belgian lacemakers weave present history into their work



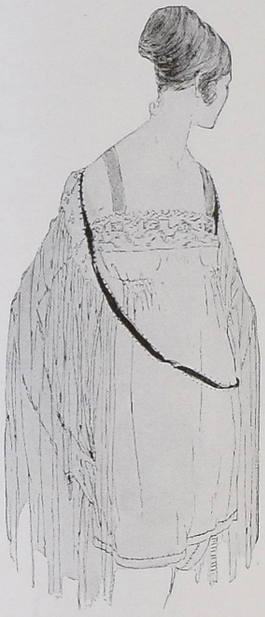


Another cloth from the exhibition of Belgian war laces shows in its border an exquisite example of point de Paris lace. The Belgian Queen's favourite flower is charmingly used as a motif; 27 by 37½ inches

AN UNUSUAL GROUP OF UNDERWEAR AT BEFORE-THE-WAR PRICES

SOFT AND LACY GARMENTS TO BE GLIMPSED THROUGH FLUFFY FROCKS

This nightgown of fine nainsook is proudly conscious that its unusually becoming cut, its bands of embroidery, and its edge and insertion of Valenciennes lace more than compensate for machine-embroidery; $1.50



An envelope chemise that is both practical and dainty may justly claim to be accomplished. This particularly becoming one is of flesh colour crêpe de Chine with a band of sheer but strong imitation filet lace and is unusually reasonable; $1.95

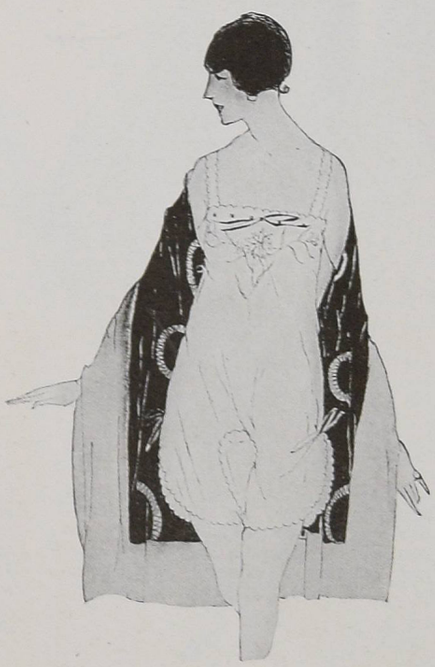
An envelope chemise that is of an excellent quality crêpe de Chine trimmed with filet lace and beautifully made has the three cardinal virtues of chemise perfection. The shoulder bands are of satin ribbon; $2.95

A slip-on camisole of white or flesh coloured satin has quillings of crêpe Georgette point de Venise lace, and Valenciennes lace; $1.95. The petticoat is of crêpe de Chine with a pleated lace-edged ruffle; $3.95

It's really a chemise (although it poses as a petticoat and knickers) and it's of sheer flesh batiste with a net-trimmed top and net frills at the bottom. The knickers may be pulled up under the tuck so that only the little frills show; $1.95

Openwork embroidery has found its way to the Philippines, and the result is a hand-embroidered Philippine gown of sheer nainsook; $2.49

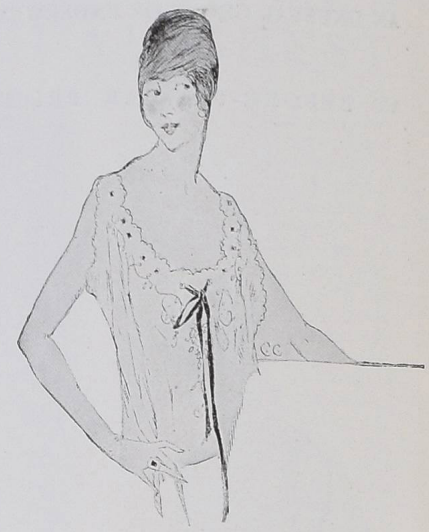
(Below) This is another proof that a nightgown can express itself most perfectly in terms of flesh colour crêpe de Chine, cream filet lace, and fluttering ends of flesh colour ribbon. The crêpe de Chine is an unusually heavy quality; $4.95



An unusual value is this envelope chemise of fine nainsook with a design in Philippine hand-embroidery. Top and bottom are scalloped; $1.95

Irish lace has come into its own again and is more welcome than ever on an underbodice of batiste that is an unusual value; $1.95. The white lawn petticoat has a double panel front to make it shadow proof, an insert of embroidered organdie, and Valenciennes lace; $2.95

A dainty lingerie frock and a dainty princess underslip are affinities that belong together. This slip of nainsook that is heavy but exceedingly fine is trimmed with filet lace and satin ribbons of white or flesh colour; $7.95



Cotton fabrics are fast getting to be as aristocratically scarce as sugar and coal and gasolene, so it is the part of wisdom to make the most of an opportunity to buy a gown of batiste trimmed with a graceful design of Philippine embroidery at a particularly reasonable price; $2.95

Deft fingers in the far-off Philippine Islands embroidered this fine batiste chemise and drawers and the nainsook petticoat with its pointed scallop design under the embroidery. Chemise, $1.95; drawers, $1.95; petticoat, $4.50

(Above) This Philippine hand-embroidered gown of nainsook is an exceptional bargain; $1.95. A skirt of cotton fabric has machine-embroidered dots and scallops; $1

(Left) One of the best bargains on these two pages is this petticoat of heavy nainsook with a hand-embroidered design and a dainty scalloped edge as an added attraction; $1.95

For her who would be as distinctive in her lingerie as in her frocks are these delightfully original pyjamas of flesh colour batiste trimmed with net bands and an insertion of dainty flesh colour ribbons in a net casing; price, $2.95

It is a wise war-time economy to purchase these models now as, in all probability, it will be a long time before these values can be duplicated. The difficulty now lies not so much in the expense of the workmanship, but in the expense of the actual materials which are so scarce

SEEN *in the* SHOPS

No Matter How Hasty the Wedding, The Shops Contribute a Complete Trousseau for the Modern War Bride

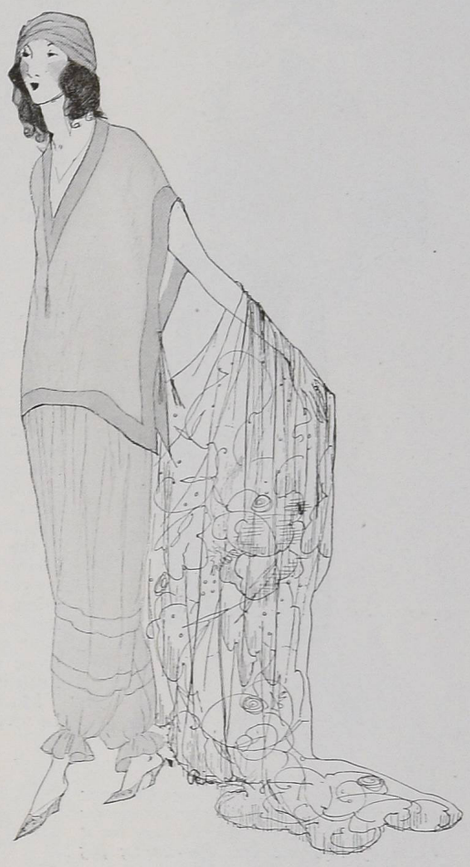
IN these times things happen very quickly. Almost overnight the most astonishing things befall men and nations. Women, too, are subject to a like condition of affairs. Take the matter of marriage; as short a time as a year ago, a woman who contemplated matrimony retired into her closet and considered the subject with prayer and meditation. Then, having determined to take the plunge, she spent months in the preparation of a trousseau. To-day things are very different. Tom comes home on a ten-day leave and asks her to marry him day after to-morrow—whereupon she says, "Yes," and has but forty-eight hours in which to get her clothes ready before going away.

THE WAR BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU

Even with the best Fifth Avenue shops at her disposal, the purchase of a trousseau in this length of time is no small undertaking. We should very much dislike to say just how long it took to assemble the trousseau which this article represents, and we alone could not have done it. The shops themselves have helped. It is astonishing to find how much the unsentimental shops are interested in the war bride. For her, when we laid her case before them, they brought forth their smartest and prettiest things. Some of these things were taken right off the back of the manikins who were pirouetting back and forth in them before exclusively small but properly thrilled audiences in the seclusion of the first spring openings. And for the benefit of the war bride-to-be, when it was explained that she might wish to be economical in her trousseau that she might contribute more generously to canteens and like things, the shops have in every instance priced these clothes very much lower than they would ordinarily mark them—sometimes as much as fifty per cent. lower.

Of course it is not really necessary to be a war bride in order to take advantage of the very extraordinary values which these clothes represent. Any woman, irrespective of man, may be inspired by the desire to become the proud possessor of any one or all of these things. We shall not ask her any questions, and neither will the shops. If the wedding-dress is a soft afternoon frock, the economically inclined war bride may afterwards turn it into an informal dinner gown. The sketch at the upper left on page 80 illustrates a frock of this type. It is fashioned of two shades of charmeuse, a soft grey and a navy blue, and there are splashes of grey embroidery on the navy blue of the cuffs and the slashed tunic. Grey suède pumps for the costume may be had at $10 a pair. If, however, the groom happens to be of the Army, the bride may wish to wear tones that harmonize with the khaki of his uniform. For her, the gown may be had in a soft tan and navy blue, with matching tan pumps and stockings.

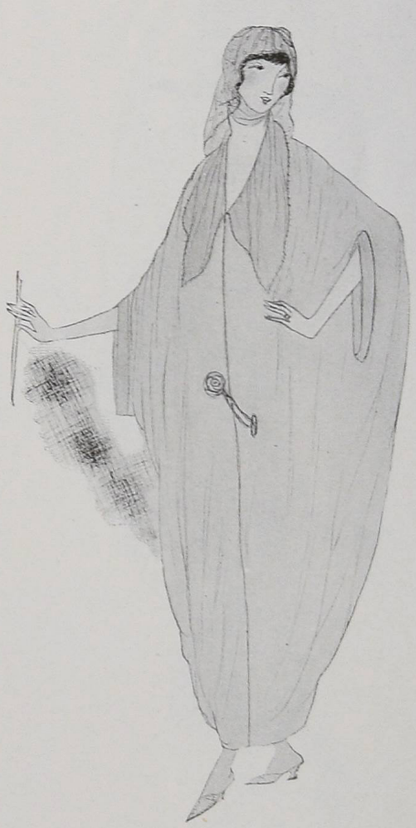
The hat which the bride wears is ex-



There is no gainsaying the wisdom of crêpe de Chine underwear, which takes up so little space and is easily laundered. These pyjamas of crêpe de Chine are banded with a contrasting colour, and the upper garment ties under the arms with tassels; $7.95

A recent and wholly practical lingerie novelty is the gown of silk shirting, which gives lasting wear. This model is a very new one; $14.50

The war bride knows that camp affairs do not call for formal evening gowns, but for soft frocks like this one of Georgette crêpe, embroidered in silk; $29.50



One could travel anywhere with this negligée of crêpe meteor, for it is simple to launder and has no lace that needs dry-cleaning; $29.50

If the war bride is wed in this charmeuse afternoon gown with its attractive corsage bouquet and unusual cuff, she may put it to many informal uses afterwards; $95

tremely important, for upon it depends to a large extent the chic of the entire costume. The hat of navy blue Georgette crêpe which is shown in the same sketch, has a cleverly draped crown of navy blue straw and a band of the straw at its outer edge. Its only trimming is a thin stiff navy blue feather which curls over the brim in such a way as to accentuate the graceful line of the crown. If the bride is the fortunate possessor of a long strand of pearls, she should certainly wear it with this gown, and, if she chooses, she may have a little frill of navy blue tulle about the edge of her round corsage bouquet.

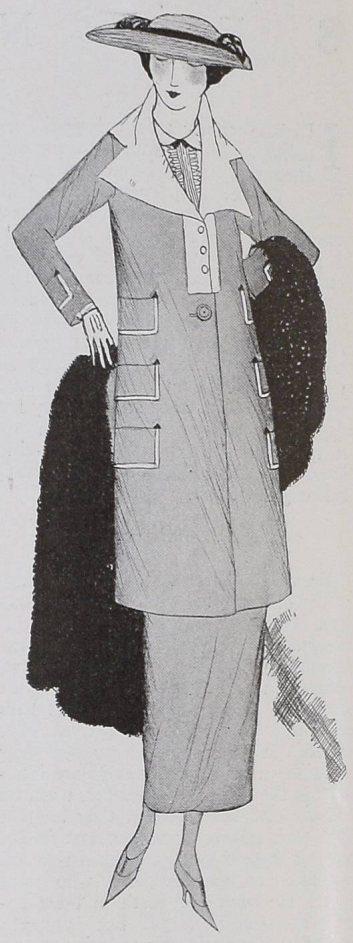
TWO USEFUL SUITS

The next most important item in the war bride's trousseau is her going-away suit, and for this has been selected the one sketched on this page at the upper right. This model of blue and white tricotine, with its scant skirt and its long coat cut on very straight lines, is typical of the smart silhouette of spring. The accompanying hat is of navy blue straw, trimmed on each side with a little cluster of softly curled black feathers which are lightly touched at the ends with gold. The black patent leather oxfords shown in the sketch, which are the most fashionable footwear with a suit of this kind, are cut on a graceful long last; they are priced at $9.75 a pair. A costume of this sort is smart to wear about town at almost any hour of the day, and it will prove one of the most generally useful items in the trousseau.

Much of the war bride's trousseau must be selected for its appropriate wear in or about the cantonments, for there she will of a certainty spend much of her time. For bad weather she will have urgent need of an outfit such as that sketched at the lower right on this page; it consists of a sturdy suit of hand-made homespun, which sheds moisture and does not show dust. This is a genuine English suit, cut on the conservative lines which have made suits of this kind so well liked by discriminating women. It is in a neutral toned pepper-and-salt effect, and it is topped by a mannish straw sailor in natural colouring. This sort of a hat, which takes a veil particularly well, is here shown with a 54-inch veil of black Georgette crêpe tied about it. Such a veil, which is priced at $5.50, should certainly be included in the trousseau, for it does invaluable work in protecting the skin while one is motoring or in the brilliant sunshine. The stout boots of brown calfskin, which are excellent for wear in all kinds of weather, should also be included. These are $10 a pair.

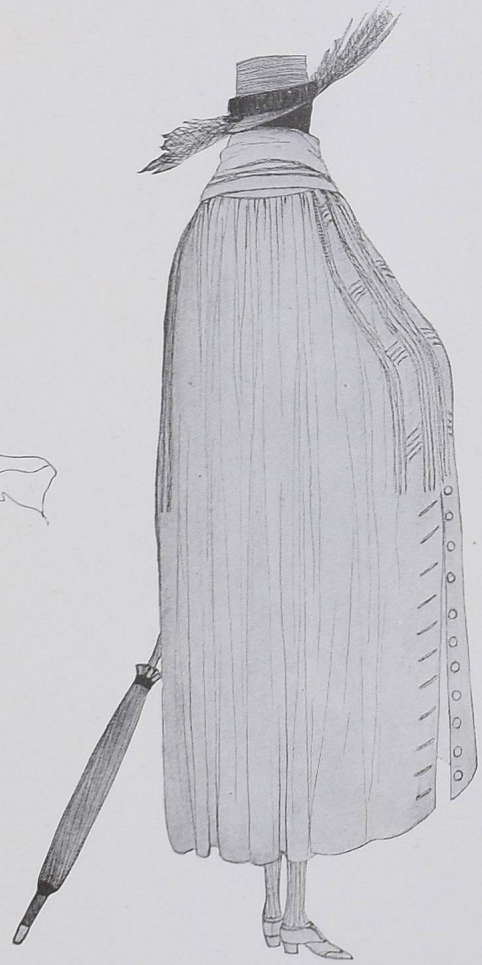
A WRAP AND TWO FROCKS

In the sketch at the bottom of this page in the middle is shown a utility wrap—a cape of duvetyn which may be worn for motoring and general service and may even be pressed into use for evening wear, if a soft colouring such as grey or light tan is chosen. Trimmed only with wool embroidery in self-colouring, it is slashed at the side and held at the collar by two large loops and buttonholes. This exceedingly useful garment comes in beige, havana brown, navy blue, and grey.



Typical of the spring silhouette and pre-eminently useful is this going-away suit of blue and white tricotine, scant as to skirt and straight of line; $85. Hat, $25

The usefulness of this frock of serge, jersey, or taffeta, is more than ever apparent when one considers that no part of it need be laundered. The ribbon at neck and sleeves is easily renewed; $45. Hat, $25



There is no utility wrap that is better qualified for many occasions than a cape. This one is slashed at the sides and trimmed with wool embroidery; duvetyn, $80; tricotine, $57.50. Taupe hat; $28

To meet bad weather and hard service at the cantonment, there will be need of an English suit of homespun, which is unaffected by rain or dust; $49.50. A mannish straw sailor goes well with it; $6

VALENTINE ABOUT

It happened all on a summer's day—a garland of parchment flowers on top and a soft pink lining underneath white straw. A rim of black velvet adds piquancy to what is otherwise an air of unsuspecting youth

PARIS PERMITS ITS HATS SOME ODD DECORATIVE FANCIES, AND CHANEL, WHO LOVES COLOUR, MAKES THREE CHARMING COSTUMES FOR A CHARMING ACTRESS

JEANNE DUC

When one has a soft little hat of pink tussore bordered with grey straw and decorated with embroidery in the same colour scheme, it is pleasant—and very French as well—to wear a matching stole with pockets

CHANEL

Cécile Sorel, of the Comédie-Française, wears many a charming costume in "L'Abbé Constantin." One is a silk jersey striped in beige and pink, with a hat of white straw and black velvet

CHANEL

One evening gown of beaded pink tissue, in which Sorel appears, indulges in strands of pink beads here, there, and everywhere, from the dainty left wrist to the very tip of the pointed and wholly original train

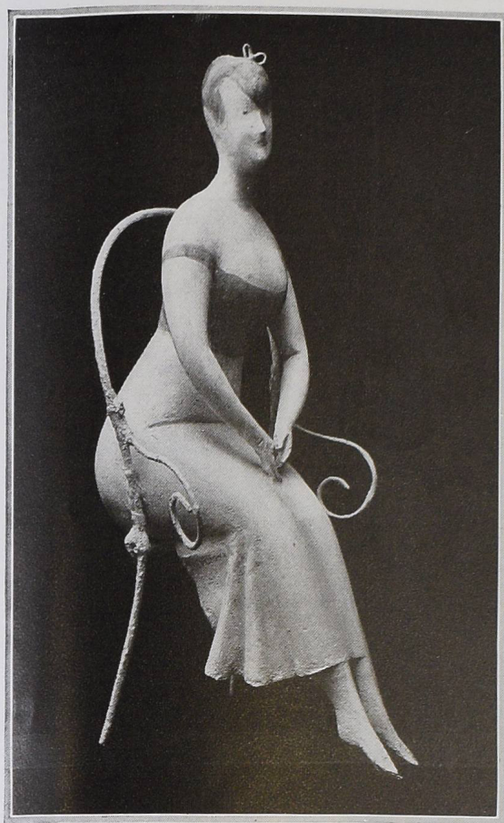
CHANEL

When Sorel wears, in "L'Abbé Constantin," a frock of white silk jersey embroidered in white wool, she also knows just what to wear with it,—a cape of yellow djersabure and a hat of pink grosgrain

MAURICE GOLDBERG

"The Thin, Fine Tracery of Spring"

One of the Marion Morgan Dancers, in an Outdoor Setting, Posed Especially for Vogue



THE HOSTESS

Nadelman makes a point—and we think it a good one—that sculptors are altogether too wedded to a conventional and antiquated manner in their work. They never succeed in getting the spirit of modern life in their work. Let them frankly break away from all tradition, he says. Let them show the humors and absurdities of the people around them, and show them, not according to traditional or classical conventions, but, as far as the workmanship and technique are concerned, in the spirit of the time itself

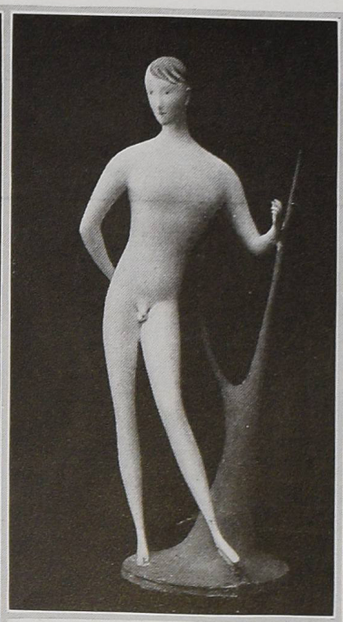
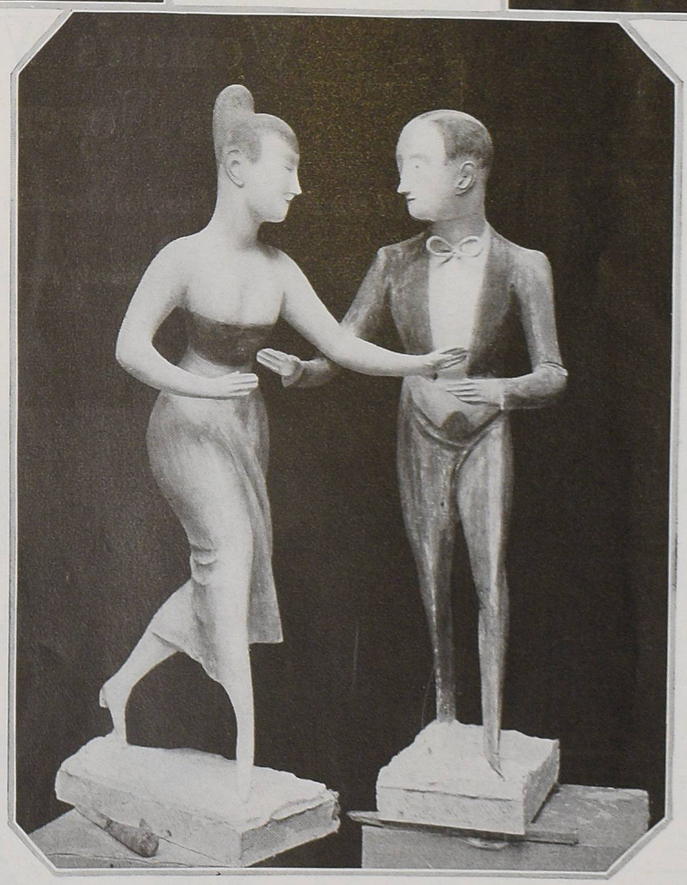


FIGURE LEANING ON A TREE

Some of the nudes of Nadelman, treated classically, have been shown in previous issues of this magazine. This is the first nude study achieved by him in his so called modernist manner

COURTESY OF SCOTT & FOWLES



THE SINGER

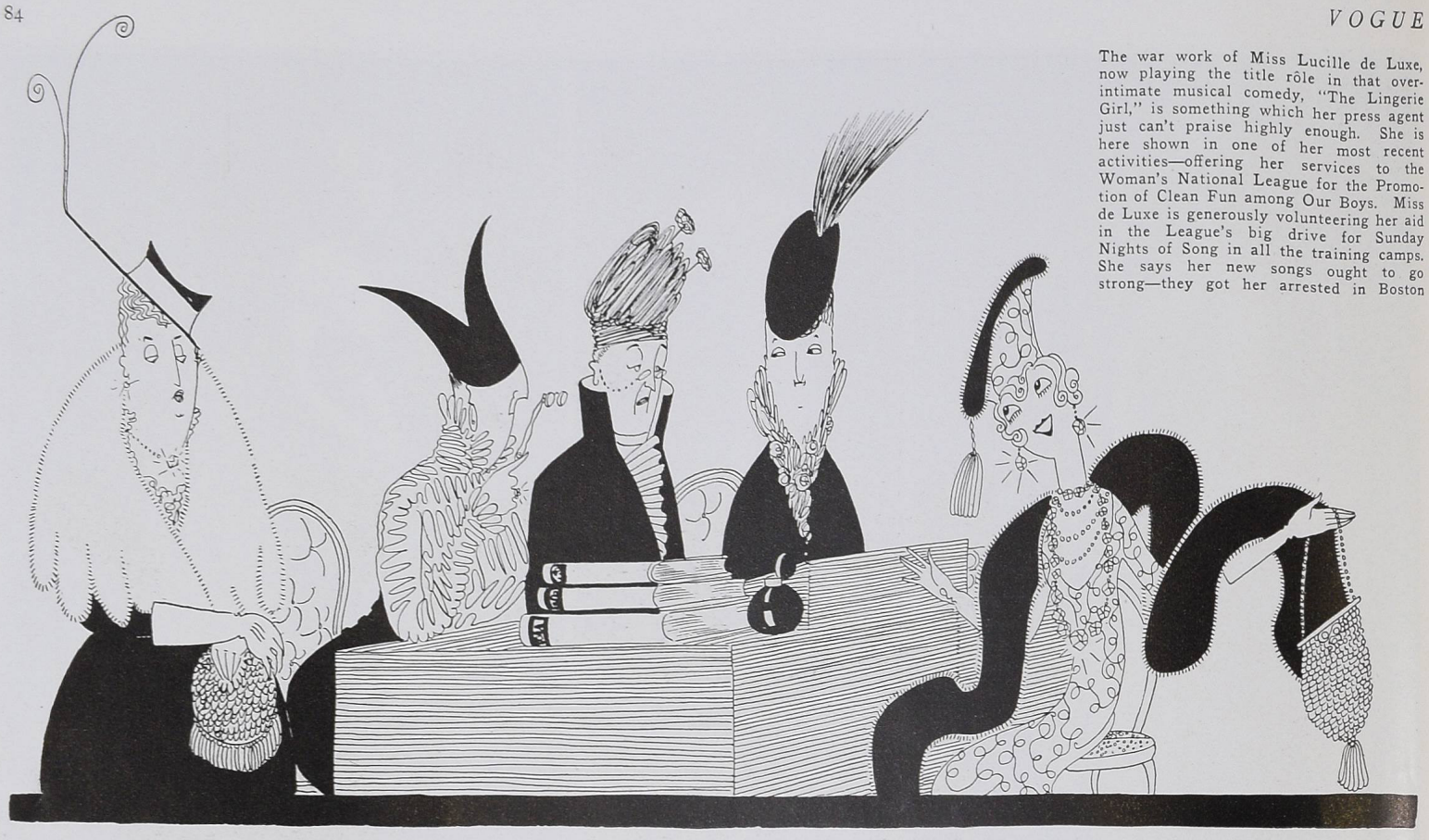
This enchanting little figure is, like all the work shown on this page, about eighteen inches in height. It is carved—and with what simplicity and skill!—in wood. In it the artist has attempted to catch the humor, color, absurdity even, of a concert singer at a modern song recital. This profile view of the little figure does not do any sort of justice to the charm and humor of the original. In it we seem to catch the very breath and being of the singer—her formal pose, her self-consciousness, her unescapable note of modernity

TANGO

This is the work which has of late aroused so much discussion in the newspapers. The sculptor's defense of it has been that modern life has a form, line, and color, just as important, as a subject for the sculptor, as the life of a bygone age. Why not, therefore, try to put down a plastic impression of it, however momentary, however fleeting? It is the defense of a Modernist, pleading for the Modern—not only in artistic technique, but in the selection of his subject

Elie Nadelman, in a Modernist Mood

NO sculptor in America can be more serious, more classical, more strictly a child of the old Greeks, than Elie Nadelman. His chief fame has, of course, been scored as a neo-classicist, but, during the past few months, he has devoted a good deal of his attention to a type of work wholly unlike anything ever before achieved by him. Four examples of his work, in the vein which he is now developing, are reproduced on this page. Two of them were seen at the Ritz Sculpture Exhibition, and were the only works shown there that aroused anything like real discussion. The group entitled "Tango," which is shown here, was recently exhibited at the Penguin Show, along with the works of Arthur B. Davies, Robert Henri, George Bellows and a score or more of the leading figures in American art. "Tango" again stirred up an enormous amount of discussion, admiration, rage and misunderstanding. Henry McBride gave the group a whole column in the *Sun*. It should be stated that the figures in this vein of Nadelman's are carved—with almost archaic simplicity—in wood.



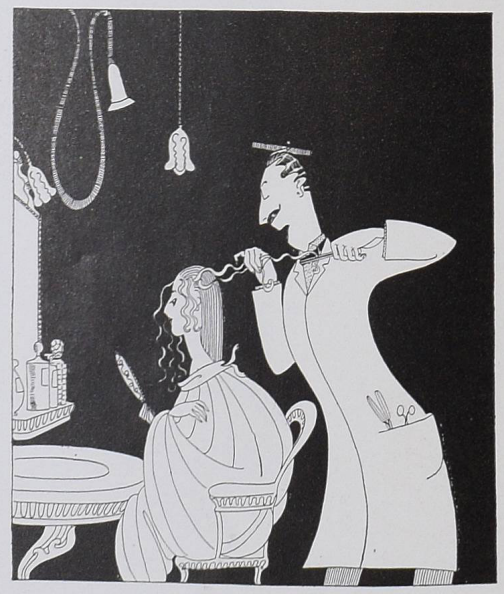
The war work of Miss Lucille de Luxe, now playing the title rôle in that over-intimate musical comedy, "The Lingerie Girl," is something which her press agent just can't praise highly enough. She is here shown in one of her most recent activities—offering her services to the Woman's National League for the Promotion of Clean Fun among Our Boys. Miss de Luxe is generously volunteering her aid in the League's big drive for Sunday Nights of Song in all the training camps. She says her new songs ought to go strong—they got her arrested in Boston

Woman's War Work Is Never Done

All the Heroism Has Not Been Cornered by the Lads in Khaki

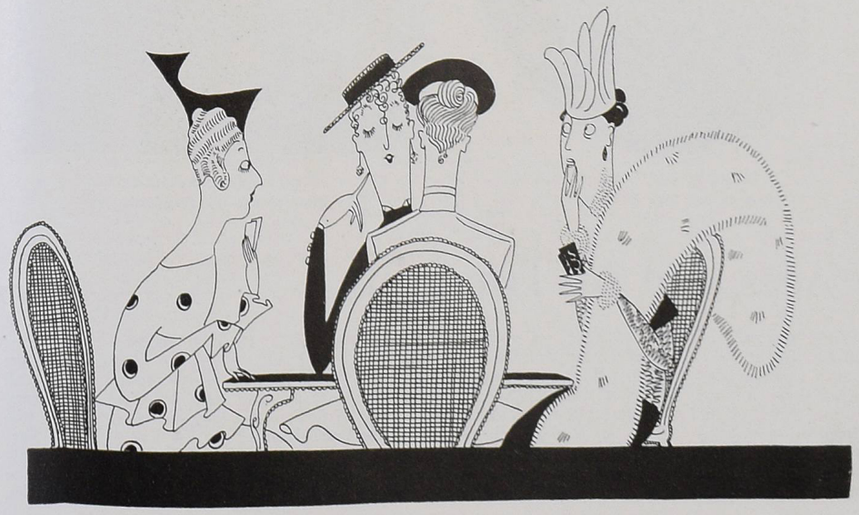
Conclusively Proved by FISH

One of the leading débutantes, feeling that there's nothing strikingly original in doing Red Cross work or driving an ambulance, or personally conducting officers around our great and wicked city, has released a man for the front and at the same time poured herself into a uniform by taking the position of doorman in one of the hotels where all the ordnance, quartermaster's and intelligence department officers rest after their hard-fought battles. Her war work is of the most strenuous kind; she is simply worn out from returning salutes all day long. Her uniform is so impressive that every one is under the impression that she must be at the least a Brigadier-General



Many of our most enterprising women have gone right in for secret service—so called, as anyone will only too gladly tell you, because's it's no secret and of no service. They are out after enemy aliens who may be playing "I spy," that favorite German indoor sport. Most of these intrepid spy-hounds are devoting themselves to the beauty parlors; beauty specialists are always open to suspicion,—they know too many secrets, anyway. With undeviating devotion to the cause, these noble seekers after truth spend hours in being marcelled, just to see if they can get something on the marceller

Typical scene; any afternoon, in any woman's club since all the feminine war workers have decided that in uniform there is strength. It's come to the point where, if a woman wears citizen's clothes, she feels like a conscientious objector. This touching little scene shows the arrival of a Camp Upton lieutenant —upper left hand corner of picture—in town on his bi-weekly furlough, who just dropped in to have a cigarette with his aunt. He feels that somehow he has mixed up his addresses, and has walked into a rehearsal for the patriotic finale in the new Follies



Perhaps the noblest of all those who work for the war are the brave souls who play bridge for charity's sake. No one who has never had the experience can realize their sufferings; their deeds are more to be pitied than censored. A charity bridge is the lowest form of human intercourse. All the proceeds go to the Society for the Distribution of Button-Hooks among the Destitute Ukrainians, and the prizes consist of globes of goldfish, gilded shoe-trees, and hand-painted tops for knitting needles. No charity bridge table is complete without its post-mortem fiend—the scourge who wants to know, after every hand, just what you were doing with your ace, and why you didn't lead clubs, and all the other trick questions

COMMANDANT TULASNE
Chief of the French Aviation Mission to the United States

LIEUT. HENRI FARRÉ
Observateur-Bombardier of the 1st Escadrille of Bombardment

CAPTAIN ALFRED HEURTAUX
Commanding the 3d Escadrille, familiarly known as the "Storks"

IRA HILL PHOTOGRAPHS

LIEUT. FLACHAIRE
Pilot of the 67th Escadrille

LIEUT. SOULIER
Pilot of the 26th Escadrille

LIEUT. MAX BENOIS
Pilot of the 3d Escadrille

Three Aces, and No Two-Spots

OF the many French aviators who, since the United States entered the war, have come to this country, to encourage us, to advise us, to teach us,—here are half a dozen of the most notable and important. Commandant Tulasne has been in Washington almost a year working ceaselessly for the development and perfection of our aviation program. He is the Chief of the French Aviation Mission in America, and has been a great inspiration to hundreds of young Americans who have entered our air service. The three aces are Capt. Heurtaux, Lieut. Flachaire and Lieut. Soulier,—the youngest ace in the French service. Heurtaux has brought down twenty-one Boche airplanes "officially",—a good many more "unofficially". He is an officer of the Legion of Honor and wears the cross of Leopold and the Belgian Cross in addition to his French War Cross with seventeen palms and two stars. Indeed, all these aviators have won their war crosses, and most of them wear many other medals besides. Lieut. Farré is perhaps the only one of the group who is not a pilot. He is Observateur-Bombardier of the 1st Escadrille of Bombardment, in addition to being an artist of note whose exhibition of paintings, "Sky Fighters of France", recently seen in New York, is now being shown in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and many of the large Western cities.

(*Continued from page 69*)

generally pure and rich, his intonation perfect, his phrasing a thing of endless delight, and his bowing eloquence itself. In sheer mastery of style, in ability to suggest the particular quality of each piece he played, he surpassed any of his pupils. And besides these definable qualities there was "a something" in his playing which captured the attention by means of the magic which the virtuoso controls. Perhaps it lay in his astonishing vigour, perhaps in the rich mellowness of all he did; certainly it had its source in the man's art, and not in the affection and adulation of the audience.

Perhaps, again, it lay in the authority which Auer so modestly proclaimed. It was the authority of one who had been a Heifetz of his time, of one who was early hailed as among the great and received as an equal by long-established masters of their art. To be invited by Joachim, the most scholarly virtuoso of his time, and by David, the most scholarly teacher, to make his début at the *Gewandhaus* in Leipzig, was enough to make a young man feel the intoxication of mastership. Or again, his confidence may have come from the easy familiarity with which he sauntered through his age. One catches this suggestion as one listens to Auer telling of the days when he sowed something more substantial than wild oats at Monte Carlo in company with Wieniawski, and departed, wise beyond his years, determined to devote himself thenceforth to art. Confidence, a deep and buoyant confidence, surely came to the young man who was the friend of Rubinstein at a time when hundreds of petty musicians were intriguing for his attention, and who was recommended by him for the post of court violinist to the Czar of all the Russias. From that time Auer needed to travel but little among the European capitals to retain his authority. He might have settled back snugly into his imperial arm-chair and basked in the light of royalty. But he gave himself energetically to teaching at the Imperial Conservatory, with results which all the world knows. Though he played comparatively little, he continued to be one of the foremost virtuosi of his time, and when his brood of pupils began to go forth into the world his dominance became more secure than ever. One who has lived through three musical generations and retained his mastery in each may well approach the twentieth century with an air of authority, even at the age of seventy-two.

AUER, THE TEACHER

It is not so easy to describe Auer's personality and methods as a teacher. His genius, to judge from all available reports, seems to be largely of the personal sort. The pedagogue who has a "system" is easily explained in words. But the method of a teacher like Auer is writ in water. Perhaps his greatest gift lies in a sort of musical mind-reading by virtue of which he can divine the student's peculiar talents and subconscious difficulties. His pupils tell of the wonderful illumination which comes to them when the master snatches up his violin to illustrate how a passage should be played. This gift of being able to explain much with little is one of the most precious which a teacher can have. It implies much more than the "know how"; it implies the "know whom." It speaks for that rare combination of the faculty of technical analysis with that of personal divination which is the property of the "born teacher." Each serious difficulty which the student encounters is probably a little psychological tangle of several difficulties before which he retreats in a sort of spiritual panic. The sympathetic teacher will guess what is the trouble; his technical understanding will enable him to untie the particular knot which will loose all the other strands, and his personal sympathy will hearten the pupil to go on without fear.

HIS INSPIRATIONAL TEACHING

The importance of these spiritual qualities is not easily overestimated. Nothing, of course, can be more futile in the teaching of music than the revivalist type of "inspiration," which ignores immediate difficulties and has little concern for the details of technique. But the fine art of teaching far transcends the mere task of instruction. In the music studio it concerns itself with the most delicate conceivable organism, the thing commonly known as an artistic temperament. The pupil, especially the young violinist, is more than a bundle of muscles which must be disciplined; he is a network of nerves which must be fed. These nerves radiate from a single directing centre. How serious it is, then, when some half-conscious panic strikes this directing centre, some blind perplexity, imparting its delicate shock to the whole system. The teacher who is too severe may frighten all ability out of the sensitive pupil; he who is exacting at the wrong time, when tired nerves need a rest, may twist and strain the little threads on which the whole mechanism depends. The great teacher is surely the one who can divine all these moods and peculiarities, and can impart stimulation or repose exactly when they are needed. It may well be that the central problem of all teaching is the preservation of this spiritual calmness and confidence while practise is plodding on to perfection. It is notable that Heifetz, the greatest of all the Auer pupils, is the one who is most reserved, most quiet, most imperturbable. It is, at all events, certain that the genius of Auer resides in no small measure in the extraordinary sympathy and human insight that he unfailingly shows.

THE "AUER FAMILY"

If one passes in review all the Auer pupils who have been heard in New York thus far one finds no single common quality which could serve as "the Auer *cachet*." Each is individual. The contrast among them, from the placid Heifetz to the fiery Evelyn Starr, from the emotional Elman to the austere Alexander Bloch, will always remain an amazing thing. By common consent Heifetz is the greatest of them all. Yet he is a peculiarly hard subject to describe in words. It might almost be said that his distinguishing quality is that he has no distinguishing quality. His virtues are indistinguishable because they are set off by no contrasting faults. This is laudation *in excelso*, such as can be bestowed upon scarcely another musician now before the public. Yet there has been no dissonance in the Heifetz chorus. It is true that he has on some occasions played less well than on others; he is not always at the peak of his powers. Yet when he is, as he was at his second recital in New York, he is baffling. He is peculiarly armoured against criticism because he presumes nothing. He has no favourite personal quality with which to impress an audience. More, perhaps, than any other musician now playing, he is the impersonal servant of his music. To recount his technical powers is merely to repeat the list of the difficulties of the violin and mark him in his mastery of each at, or very near, a hundred per cent. But it has been almost a truism to say that a performer could be technically perfect and yet not be an interpretive musician. What further quality Heifetz adds to his technical mastery is not easily told. To outward appearance there is none at all. Yet he is not cold; he is not lacking in colour. He is at the farthest possible remove from being a mere musical machine. One can only say that his warmth, his "colour," his emotional wholesomeness, are those of the music he is playing. That he can transmit these qualities is sufficient proof that he personally, in some measure, possesses them. Though he is above all others the violinists' violinist, he is still the sensation of the untutored public, which, after all, generally recognizes genius when it is genuine.

Mischa Elman, who was the first of the great Auer prodigies to tour this country, is of a very different type. In him the "emotional quality" is always evident, sometimes too obvious. It is evident that Auer fostered the young man's peculiar talent with brilliant success. Indeed, it has been so successful that it has at times overshadowed all the others. Yet when Elman is playing at his best, as he has been much of the time this season, he combines with the large, mysterious tone which has made him famous, a technical dexterity and an artistic insight which make secure his position among the foremost of violinists.

ZIMBALIST AND PARLOW

Zimbalist's virtues and faults are of a very different stripe. Instead of erring on the side of emotionalism and tonal exaggerations he is rather too scholarly and too scornful of the mere appeal to the ear. His growth, since his first season in this country, has been steadily away from the popularity of sensation. As he plays he seems absorbed in his formal scheme, a little careless of the wishes of his audience, which nevertheless continues to admire him almost without measure and to recognize in him one of the great masters of style.

Kathleen Parlow and Evelyn Starr, the women of the Auer list (Thelma Given is yet to be heard), are least of all distinguished by the expected "feminine" qualities. The former is notable for her virile tone. "She has a wrist like steel," her master recently said. The impression she gives is that of great physical vigour and mental energy. Evelyn Starr has not these imposing characteristics, though she too draws a powerful bow and evokes from her instrument a tone of great strength. She is rather a creature of mythology, half tomboy and half sprite. She plays as if she were summoning the leprechaun to council. With her towsled hair and her intense vision-seeing eyes, she seems almost out of place on the concert stage. She should be out in the green woods. Yet beneath the whimsies of her style there is a broad base of sound musicianship.

Max Rosen has been much discussed this season and has undeniably suffered because of an attempt to compare him with his fellow student, Heifetz. He has worked manfully, in what must have been a discouraging situation and not one of his own making. His courage has even gone to the limit of foolhardiness. For at one of the later Philharmonic concerts he attempted to play the cruelly difficult Brahms concerto, which one critic has said was not a concerto for the violin but a concerto against the violin, and which, according to credible rumour, Auer advised Heifetz not to attempt for two or three years to come. Altogether, we suspect that Rosen is really a much better musician than he has yet proved himself to be; indeed, that he needs only the maturity which will come in a few more years to place himself securely in the first rank. One suspects that he is the most sensitive, the most highly-strung, of all the Auer pupils. Certainly his delicate cantilena is one of the most charming that has been heard from the violin this season. His playing is instinct with poetry. The worst that can be marked up against him is that he dared overmuch.

Poetry, and much of it, is also to be found in the playing of Francis McMillen, who is in all respects an admirable musician. David Hochstein perhaps draws more fire from his instrument and has been privileged to watch his reputation grow steadily and lustily in the last three seasons, especially now that he is in the Army and has become virtuoso extraordinary at Camp Yaphank. Eddy Brown, on the other hand, is eminently the studious and analytical musician. He has learned the great lesson which Auer teaches to all his pupils, that of reverence for the music to be played. And he gives his hearers a rare delight in his finely nuanced, nicely jointed interpretations.

KREISLER, THIBAUD, AND YSAYE

One might be pardoned, this season, for supposing that all the good violinists come from Auer. This would be to overlook such exceptional young talents as those of Sascha Jacobinoff, Mayo Wadler, and Jacob Gegna. It would also, of course, be to overlook some of the great violinists who are still playing in this country, and another, perhaps the greatest of all, who has in the past few weeks stepped aside. After studying their sharply defined personalities, one appreciates all the more keenly the lesser personalities of the Auer family.

It is Kreisler, as every one knows, who has stepped aside, sacrificed to the inevitable emotions of war time. He is the great etcher of the violin, the artist whose lines are most delicate, most precise, most exquisitely formed. And one should add that in the trying situation in which he has been placed he has acted with dignity and kindliness. For some months he gave his talents to the service of various charities. In a few weeks (still without monetary profit) he raised the old Kneisel quartet from a condition of obsolescence to one of abounding life. At last, deferring to a growing prejudice against the mere presence of enemy aliens in public, he withdrew altogether from the platform. That his status is that of an enemy is unfortunate, alike for his inexhaustible audiences and for himself. But few will deny him the tribute due to a sincere artist and a courteous foe.

Kreisler's close friend, the French violinist, Jacques Thibaud, is to all the symbol of the scholarly musician. He has been content to follow his own path, enjoying many a fine æsthetic pleasure which must be denied to a more impulsive temperament. Yet at a recent recital, as though in acceptance of a dare, he exerted some mysterious power of his own and brought his audience to an Elmanesque pitch of enthusiasm. Having proved that he can be popular without so much as bending his dignity, he will doubtless retire to some tiny hall, as he loves best to do, and give with Harold Bauer the most exquisite readings of the Beethoven sonatas which can be heard anywhere.

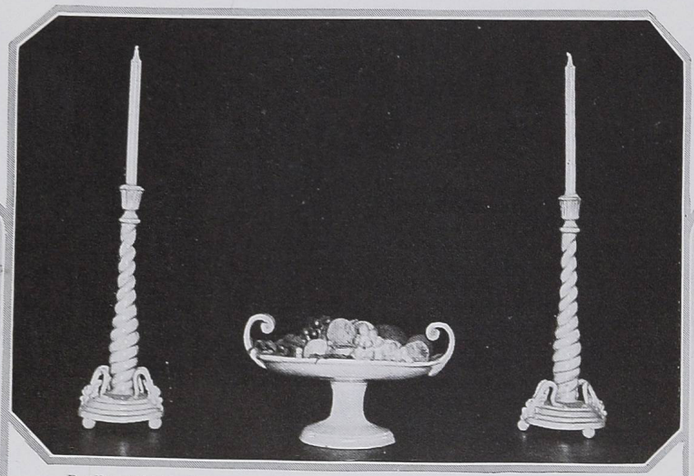
There is finally, to complete the present American list (which includes the lion's share of the best violinists of the world) that most romantic of musical figures, Eugen Ysaye. He labours with no etching, but paints with oils. More readily than any other violinist, he can summon to the mind the whole gamut of colours. But it is no riot of colour which he provides, for his hues are blended by means of the most charming chiaroscuro in the world.

It needs only such a résumé of the violin season to make eloquent the debt which is owed to Leopold Auer. New York did well to pay him such unqualified honour. His presence here is one of the gifts for which we must thank Bolshevik Russia.

UNUSUAL GIFTS THAT THE BRIDE IS SURE TO WELCOME

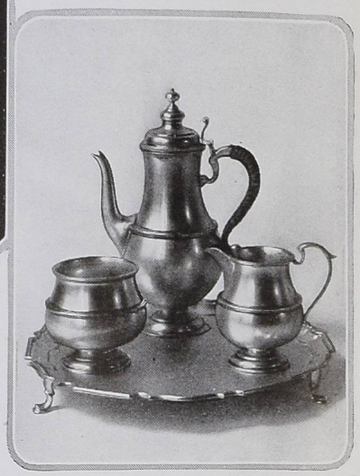
THESE GIFTS HELP TO MAKE THE NEW HOME HOMELIKE

Just such an exquisite bit of colour as is furnished by this particularly charming Beleek flower bowl may be the keynote of a whole room. The bowl comes in turquoise blue, coral, jade green, or orchid; $18

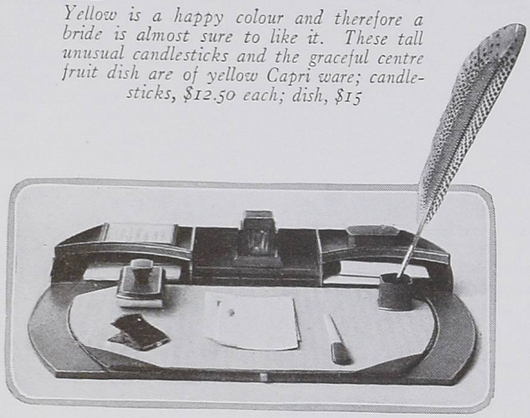


Bradley and Merrill

Yellow is a happy colour and therefore a bride is almost sure to like it. These tall unusual candlesticks and the graceful centre fruit dish are of yellow Capri ware; candlesticks, $12.50 each; dish, $15



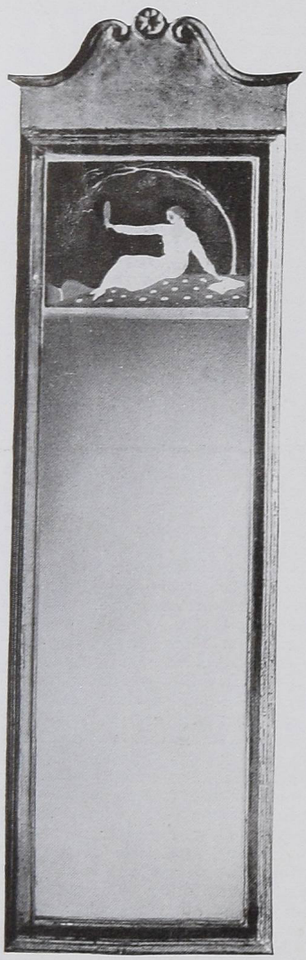
An Irish design of the time of George II is reproduced in this after-dinner silver set with its quaint wicker-handled coffee pot. The silver tray is a copy of a Chippendale design. Coffee set, $115; tray, $75



Roomy and convenient and very complete is a glazed calfskin desk set with a border design of gold tooling. It comes in various pastel shades and includes nine pieces; $47.50

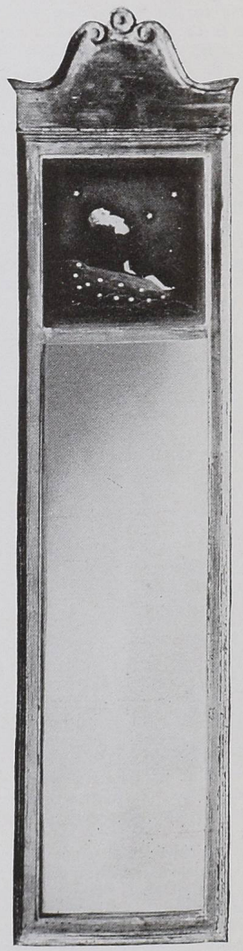
(Right) This silver tea-caddy has the caddy spoon conveniently tucked away inside the lid; $20

(Below) Copied from an old Italian design are the walnut chair and tea-table with their graceful carved and gilded swans; chair, $50; table, $60. The lustre tea-service includes tea-pot, creamer, sugar bowl, and six cups and saucers; complete, $30



Hogarth, junior, will make an original design in gay colours, cleverly painted on the reverse side of the glass at the top of a carved gold-framed mirror; 42 inches long; $45

Crossman



Nothing could make a more delightful gift than a mirror with an entertaining design by Hogarth, junior, painted on glass—an old art, recently revived; 34 inches long; price, $35

THE RING, *the* DOT, *and the* HOME

(*Continued from page 53*)

In regard to the choice between a town and country residence, so many points are involved that generalizations are difficult. Most right-minded young people prefer the country, but there are two or three reasons in favour of town. First of all, commuting for the husband; if he works hard and is not overstrong at best, or if he is of a nervous temperament and his hours are long, an hour's journey twice a day through the soft coal-laden air of tunnels is paying too high a price. The wife may love the country, may spend the entire day out of doors in sport togs, play tennis up to Thanksgiving, drive her car to all the departing and arriving trains, and yet be weighed down by the hours of waiting and the "terrible quiet of it all." The question of difference in expense between town and country is a debatable one, as some things are more and some less; the same with housekeeping, some things are easier, some not so easy. But the question of friends, which is one of the most important, may be a deciding factor. If the young married people have half a dozen friends, married and settled in one country club neighbourhood, the decision will probably be to join them. If most of their friends are still unmarried or living in town, town it will be.

WHERE TO LIVE

If the new establishment is to be in New York, and if the husband, for any reason, must be away much of the time, or if there are business or residence changes pending, it may be wise to take two or three rooms in a family hotel, those dreadful places where one furnishes a sitting-room and bedrooms, and tries to imagine, when dining in the common dining-room, that one has a home; whereas everybody knows that the basic essentials of any kind of satisfactory living are the dining-room and kitchen. But there is another good reason for advising this family hotel plan; if the couple are young and know nothing of the value of money, or are already careless spenders, this plan places their budget in their hands before they begin. For even with the modest combined income of five thousand a year, there are new and attractive buildings to be found in good neighbourhoods where three rooms and a bath with board for two people may be had. The only objection to this arrangement is that it does not provide enough domesticity for young people, and an early move usually results.

A HOUSE OR AN APARTMENT

The gift of a house always appeals to the father of the bride, for it is a great satisfaction to give the daughter a furnished house for her wedding-present. The more practical mother, however, knows that if the house is in New York or one of the larger cities, there should be an income of at least fifteen thousand dollars to count upon. The necessary household staff would be three servants in residence, with a furnace-man and laundress outside. This plan is advisable only for the children of plutocrats. We find ourselves, consequently, at the doors of an apartment for two, requiring one or two servants; and if the man has had some experience either in a bachelor combination or with a mother or sister, or if his wife has had a course in domestic science or has tested her skill by managing her father's house for a few weeks at a time, they will astonish their parents at every turn by their ability to sail alone.

In choosing the neighbourhood for the flat, the bride should remember that a steady stream of comfort will flow into it from the parent roof if it be in an accessible neighbourhood; things like motors and laundry, sewing by the mother's maid, storage of clothing not in season—even the daily loaf of home-made bread has been known to find its way flatward. The weekly dinner at "home" and the Sunday night supper give the servants of the new ménage liberal time off, adding to their content. It must of course be remembered that, no matter what the combination or proportion of income, the man of the family should pay the rent; this being granted, the selection of the apartment should be left entirely to the newly married couple.

ADAPTING THE OLDER HOUSES

Often the apartments in the old and more or less unattractive houses can be made very much more charming than the newer places, which are small beyond belief, with no closet room worth mentioning. I know of such an old house, where the putting in of a door between two tiny rooms, costing $165, made a dressing-room of one and seemed to double the size of both; new electric fixtures cost but $39; making two old fireplaces draw and putting in new tiles and mantels came to $187; and all kinds of floor-plugs, reading and desk-lamps, and bells from rooms to pantry were installed for $98. There are usually good floors in these old buildings and what is more, often a dozen sunny windows.

If one's daughter is marrying on a modest income, there is all the more reason why her mother should furnish her with as bountiful a supply of linen as possible. The following is a list issued by a leading linen house this winter, but as the prices vary even in six weeks, it is advisable to give only the approximate cost:

6 2¼ by 2¼ yd. Table-cloths at $11.50	$69.00
1 2½ by 3½ yd. Table-cloth	26.00
1 2½ by 4 yd. Table-cloth	29.50
1 2½ by 5 yd. Table-cloth	40.00
6 Dozen Dinner-napkins at $13	78.00
2 Dozen Dinner-napkins at $21	42.00
2 Dozen Dinner-napkins at $22	44.00
1 60-inch Asbestos Mat	5.50
1 Dozen Madeira Tea-napkins	10.50
1 Dozen Hemstitched Tea-napkins	7.50
1 Embroidered Luncheon Set, 37 pieces	25.00
1 Lace Luncheon Set, 37 pieces	38.00
1 Lace Sideboard Scarf	15.00
1 Lace Serving-table Scarf	12.25
2 Madeira Embroidered Bureau Covers at $5	10.00
2 Oval Tray-cloths at 55 cents	1.10
2 Oval Tray-cloths at 65 cents	1.30
2 Oval Tray-cloths at $1.25	2.50
2 Oval Tray-cloths at $2.25	4.50
4 Dozen Bedroom Towels at $9	36.00
2 Dozen Bedroom Towels at $10.50	21.00
2 Dozen Bedroom Towels at $15	30.00
2 Dozen Bath Towels at $12	24.00
3 Bath-mats at $1.75	5.25
18 Pairs Hemstitched Linen Pillow-cases at $3	54.00
12 Pairs Hemstitched Linen Sheets, Single Bed, at $10.50	126.00
3 Dozen Wash-cloths at $1.50	4.50
3 Dozen Dish-Towels at $2.25	6.75
3 Dozen Glass-Towels at $2.75	8.25
1 Dozen Dusters	3.00
1 Dozen Roller-Towels	6.00
6 Pair Blankets, Single Bed, at $10.50	63.00
6 Bedspreads, Single Bed, at $7.50	45.00
3 Silk Comfortables at $16.50	49.50
3 Kitchen Table-cloths at $2.50	7.50
2 Dozen Napkins at $2	4.00
6 Pairs Servant's Sheets at $2	12.00
6 Pairs Servant's Pillow-cases at 60 cents	3.60
2 Dozen Servant's Towels at $3	6.00
1 Dozen Servant's Bath-Towels	3.00
1 Bath-mat	1.00
2 Pairs Servant's Blankets at $5	10.00
2 Bedspreads at $2.50	5.00
2 Comfortables at $2	4.00
Total	$1000.00

To embroider suitably the above outfit, with initials or monogram, will cost from $95 to $300.

Glass and china are usually omitted from a bridal outfit, as they are favourite wedding-presents for her friends to give her. If the bride is supplied with these things, they should be chosen for their appropriateness and suitability. When it comes to the actual furnishing, one need not be sad if the daughter scorns her great-grandmother's dropleaf table; quite nice girls have been known to do so. Rugs may wait until after the wedding; the family love to give rugs, so she will probably have a dozen. It is safe to buy a comfortable great sofa, two wing-chairs, cotton velvet curtains, a bed or two, some large chiffoniers, a dining-room table, and six Windsor chairs, and all the furnishings for the kitchen and the maid's room. Wait for the rest. Desks, tables, books, bronzes, pictures, silver, and glass enough to stock a shop are bound to come to the popular bride and groom; if modesty forbids admitting it, one may take the advice of any friend who has been through it, and one will find it is true.

But there is one more important decision to make, and I wonder if father and mother have ever agreed upon it. What sum shall be given to the daughter outright for her very own? Many fathers have a deep-rooted objection to giving their daughters anything in the nature of a dot; their Americanism rebels, and they protest vehemently against the horrid foreign custom.

To my mind, more unhappiness than is easy to estimate has come to the young married woman in this country because of this conviction. If it is feasible, a good plan is to give her principal enough to yield the amount of her old allowance, and she will soon show how sensible and dependable she really is. If this is not done, by all means let the young couple come to some agreement about their finances before the ceremony. This may seem to them a somewhat sordid proceeding, but it may save serious trouble for them later.

LAVINIA ORMSBY.

A RING ON THE HAND

(*Continued from page 55*)

will see that Juno adorned her ears with long diamond pendants when she wished to appease the wrath of her husband, Jupiter. You will see also, that the suitors of Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, made her presents of earrings set with precious stones. Consult Pliny, Seneca, Suetonius. There are plenty of examples. Every one will tell you that the ladies of antiquity spent most of their fortunes on this ornament and wore hanging on either side of their faces, the value of several patrimonies. And Petronius himself relates how a certain husband, ruined by buying earrings for his wife, declared publicly that if they wished to avoid general bankruptcy, they should, as quickly as possible, cut off all the ladies' ears.

For the cassowary on the shores of Timbuctoo wooden earrings solve the problem of hat and coat and hymn book, too

The Ring: Delightful. Permit me. . . .

The Earrings: Then the rôle that we played in Lydia and among the Persians is well known. There, men and women were judged, indiscriminately, on our merits. Kings wore rings of a size corresponding to their lofty birth, in the form of little hoops of beads. Aaron, as everybody knows, made the Golden Calf of the earrings of the sons and daughters of Israel. . . .

The Ring: I . . . (*Aside*): Impossible to get a word in edgewise!

The Earrings: And Gideon, conqueror of the Amalekites, reestablished the finances of the kingdom by making his captives give up their earrings. Let us add that in France, Henry III, who knew all about elegance, reintroduced this happy custom among his favourites; and that MM. de Saint-Megrin, de Joyeuse, and de Pocancy were distinguished by the exquisite richness of their collections. This custom was retained until the reigns of Louis XIII and XIV. . . .

The Ring: That's all dead and buried.

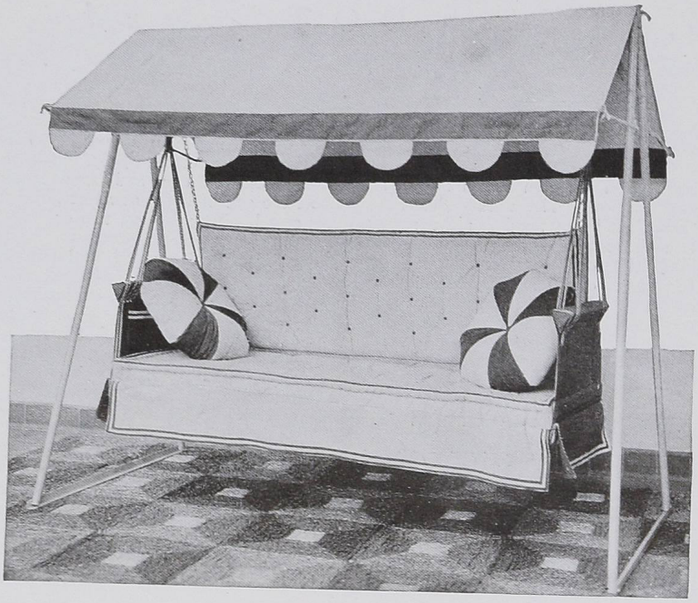
The Earrings: While in Spain the lovely ladies exercised their ingenuity in hanging from their ears all sorts of shapes that seemed to them unusual and gracious, such as little watches or tiny bells.

The Ring: What do you expect? One can't belong to the present and at the same time to the past. If formerly, as you say, beauties thought it piquant to hang hoops in their ears, and the favourites of Henry III smothered themselves with jewels,—between ourselves, of somewhat doubtful taste—to-day the custom has fallen a little into decay, and, for men at least, flourishes only in our most remote provinces. Every dog has his day. On the contrary, I, who speak to you, have kept my empire intact and am equally prized by both. They want me, they seek me out, they pay for me with fine gold.

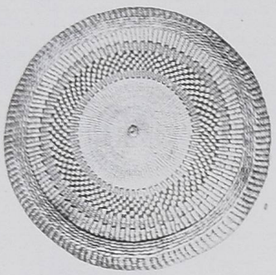
The Earrings: Would you expect them to pay for you with stuffed crocodiles?

The Ring: Excuse me, in such matters I have not the special information of a jewel broker. All that concerns me, is to rejuvenate myself eternally; sometimes to be a heavy seal on which one engraves the arms of his family, sometimes a mere band of platinum to which one adds a priceless sapphire. Recently I have become a circlet of precious wood, polished like tortoise-shell, or the touching heavy copper ring which the soldier files out in the trenches. And finally, I am the wedding-band. And now I'll tell you how you can make up for lost time. You were speaking just now of the tiny bells which ladies used to wear as earrings. My idea is that you have here a remarkable stratagem for jealous husbands. Picture it! Under pretext of a present, the gentleman furnishes his wife with these all-revealing bells. By means of them he can follow the unfaithful one, dog her footsteps going out and coming in, and, invisible himself, keep track of her slightest movement. An admirable expedient for domestic Secret Service. Think this over. The more I think of it, the more convinced I am that you have here an exceptional chance to reestablish yourselves, to serve morality and fashion.

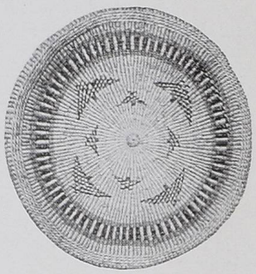
AIDS *to* OUTDOOR LIVING



The first aid is something to lounge in—a comfortable hammock. It is made of pale green awning cloth with touches of brown. The tent-shaped cover protects one from the sun. The price complete, including hammock, canopy, iron stand and two pillows is $59.50. Hammock alone, $35. Canopy, $11.25. Stand, $6.75. Pillows, $6.50



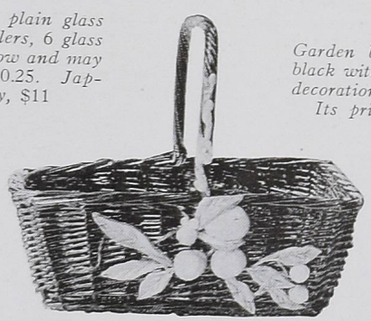
Chinese porch seats in natural colors and designs in black. Useful for lawn. They cost from $1 to $2 each



These Chinese grass seats are about 12″ to 16″ in diameter. They are to be had at prices varying from $1 to $2

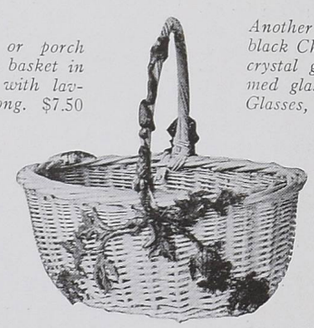
For iced tea comes a plain glass set of tea pot, 6 tumblers, 6 glass spoons, which are hollow and may be used as straws; $10.25. Japanese wicker tray, $11

Another iced tea set includes a black Chinese porcelain pot, plain crystal glasses and hollow stemmed glass spoons. Tea pot, $9. Glasses, $8 a dozen. Spoons, $1.90 a dozen

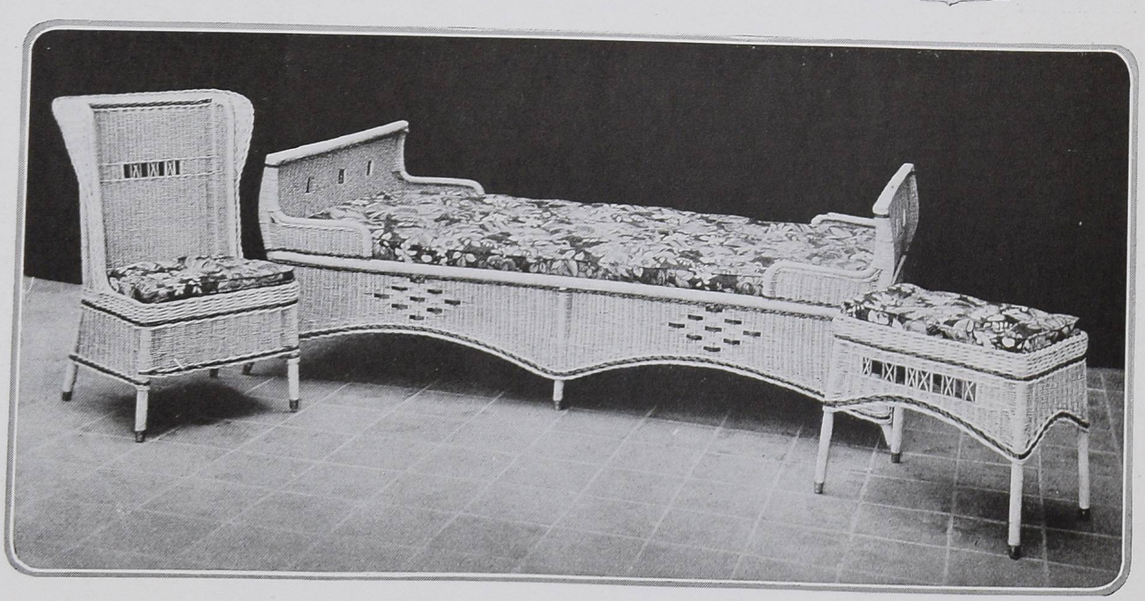


Garden basket painted black with vivid orange decorations. 15″ long. Its price is $7.50

For flowers or porch knitting, oval basket in vivid yellow with lavender. 14″ long. $7.50



The sleeping porch would be enhanced by this comfortable, roomy day bed, made of cream color wicker with a black chintz covered mattress, or in any color desired. Bed complete, $90. Stool to match, $16. Small chair, $23.50



THE BRIDE HE LEFT BEHIND HIM

(*Continued from page 57*)

feel it incumbent upon them to go about the world helping others to bear up. It is they who ask the war bride if she isn't terribly worried. If she says she isn't, they sigh deeply and tell her that they know she really is,—for her not to conceal it, but just to tell them all. If she says that she is, they also sigh deeply, and say they know just what she is going through. They are the little rays of sunshine who pat her reassuringly on the back and tell her to cheer up—he may come back.

There are certain types of humanity—invariably of the feminine gender—that prey on every war bride. Perhaps the most common is the inside information fiend. This creature always has a brother-in-law, or a nephew, or a second cousin, or something, who knows, on the highest authority, the most startling facts about our troops, the most amazing things about conditions over there and over here. Of course, she can not disclose these things; she makes you feel that the war would be all up if she let fall even the least word. She can only hint darkly, and shake her head knowingly, and laugh scornfully when she hears others voice their modest opinions. Another extremely prevalent pest is the statistician—the one who can conclusively prove, by sheets of curly figures, that, in whatever branch of the service the war bridegroom has enlisted, the average life is eight hours. It is truly remarkable how she always works it out so that the answer is eight hours. It's really quite absorbing to see her.

Another blight on the war bride's life is the woman who remarks, with raised eyebrows, "Well, I suppose it's awfully good to bear up, and all that, but I know I could never be so cheerful if my husband were in the Army." Still another scourge is the one who comfortingly points out that "It isn't all hardship for the boys over there; these French-women are so fascinating."

And, of course, no war bride's life could ever be complete without those whose Great Thought for the Day is, "We'll never see the end of this war in our time." But her lot isn't all bad. It's hard, of course, to be left behind. No woman ever enjoys that; though women have been left behind ever since history started, they never have become reconciled to it. And it's harder to have her happiness abruptly turned off just at its very beginning. But, without indulging in any Pollyannaism, it's a well-known fact that if you only work hard enough, you really haven't much time to indulge in unhappiness or loneliness. And there's such a vast amount of work to be done, these days.

No war bride thinks much of the drab present, anyway; she's much too busy thinking of the day when all this mess will be over, when the Hohenzollern family will be spoken of only in the past tense,—when her bridegroom comes marching home, to greet her with the unforgettable words, "Your face seems very familiar. Let's see—didn't I meet you at the altar?" It's going to be a big day. She's going to start right in then on the good time that the Kaiser is cheating her out of now.

Of course, right now, there are moments when, even though she wouldn't let herself acknowledge it for anything on earth, life is pretty thin for the war bride. But we'll tell you a secret about war brides—and we have positive inside information as to its truth. There isn't one of them who regrets for a single moment that she rushed in where spinsters fear to tread. There isn't one of them who isn't proud to be the wife of a soldier,—and there isn't one who, if she had to do it over, wouldn't go right ahead and do it again. Candidates for the job are legion, and they all enlist for life, at that.

BELGIAN WAR LACES FOR THE BRIDE

(*Continued from page 76*)

it one indeed worthy to be inherited. Besides the intrinsic value of the lace, it has a strong sentimental appeal. For into the work that goes bravely and steadily on, goes courage born of conflict, as well as silent anguish and grief. The laces have a distinct historic value, also; all the hopes and fears of the little lace-makers are put into delicate tracery, which often tells the story of some event in the great war. The lovely cloth of cut linen squares of point de Venise surrounded by Cluny and filet lace, shown at the bottom of page 76 and in detail at the left, symbolizes courage in the exquisitely worked coats of arms of our Allies. And then there is the touching gratitude of the lacemakers to America for bread, portrayed in the delicate heads of wheat embroidered on a linen lawn cushion cover with the arms of America and a point de Paris valance; it is illustrated in the middle of page 76.

The table-cloth at the lower right of the same page has a border of point de Paris lace showing the *Fleur de la Reine*, the emblem of the beloved Queen of the Belgians. A souvenir of that great stronghold, Ypres, which was one of the most important lace centres, is represented at the top of page 76 in the lovely cushion cover of point de Venise lace with arms of Ypres and Flanders motifs.

When the bride is filling her chest, she will find lovely things in the lace shops of New York at remarkably low prices. Not costly, but interesting to the collector, are articles made from peasants' caps, collars, and kerchiefs. Laces made nearer home, like the Porto Rican work, are available for simpler articles. A luncheon set of thirteen pieces in Spanish linen with a drawn-work border shows excellent workmanship and may be bought for $16.50. Another luncheon set, consisting of a runner and six doilies, is of crash with a border of drawn-work; this is priced at $16. A fine linen tea-cloth, 40 inches square, has an insertion of drawn-work in the centre; $12.

An exquisite little pillow-slip with a rose lace design costs $8, while a smaller slip, open at both ends and edged with fine lace, may be bought for $5.50. An attractive bolster-like pillow has a crash cover with a wide band of drawn-work; it has a tassel at the end and costs $6.

Dainty aprons that the bride will like are of fine mull with a drawn-work border, or of crash with same handiwork. These aprons are novel and unusual in that they need no strings. They are ingeniously run on celluloid bands, which encircle the waist like a hoop and are easily removed when the apron goes to the laundry; prices, $3 and $2. If a laundry hamper is needed, there are native Porto Rican baskets at $3.50.

The old carved clothes-presses that have been revived to hold our modern linens seem extremely appropriate for linens that are composed principally of laces, for they have many shelves and, as a background, there may be lovely old brocade, against which one may display the delicate fabrics to perfection.

SMALL CHARITIES AND BIG NEEDS

(*Continued from page 63*)

and the Allies receive the welcome gifts in the military depots, when they are on their way to join their regiments in the trenches. Some are men who have been wounded or ill in hospitals, others are at the end of their leave of absence, and still others are just starting out for the first time. One dollar will buy a Packet containing socks, a cap or a muffler, and nine useful articles.

THE FOOD FOR FRANCE FUND

The Food for France Fund has, as Chairman, Miss Carita Spencer, who has been appointed Delegate Extraordinary by Minister Justin Godart, Under-Secretary of State and Head of the French *Service de Santé*. The Food for France Committee operates directly with the *Service de Santé*, that branch of the French Government having charge of hospitals and relief work and caring for the convalescents in the military hospitals and the undernourished children and suffering mothers in the villages of France. Every penny of donations received by the Committee is spent exclusively for food, as all necessary outlays are met personally by the members. The foodstuffs are purchased and shipped through the courtesy of the French authorities to the *Entrepot des Dons*, Paris. Home-made jams and preserves are on sale at 3131 Madison Avenue, and the proceeds are spent for nourishing foods that are better suited for foreign shipment. Twenty-five cents will send a pound of chocolate, fifteen cents, a can of condensed milk, and ten cents, a pound of sugar. Every sum donated is spent to the best possible advantage.

A GIFT AND TEA SHOP

The American Fund for French Wounded has one of their attractive little gift shops at 309 Madison Avenue. Others are located at 2275 Broadway, at 19 West Twenty-third Street, and at Madison Avenue and Forty-seventh Street,—all decorated in deep French blue and presided over by workers in blue veils and smocks. This particular branch has the added attraction of being a tea-room where simple lunches and teas are daintily served each day. Home-made war bread and cakes and marmalade put up in decorated baskets are also on sale. The gifts one buys in this shop will not only bring pleasure to the recipients, but comfort to the wounded soldiers, to whom the proceeds go for supplies. Fifty cents buys the medal that was struck to commemorate the entrance of the United States into the present war. It shows on one side the emblem of America and the Allies, and on the reverse, the shield with the Stars and Stripes and the significant date, April 6, 1917.

FRENCH TOYS AND NOVELTIES

The charm of France seems concentrated in the little toy and novelty shop at 406 Madison Avenue, opened by the French Bureau for the benefit of their wounded soldiers and homeless women and children. Everything for sale comes straight from France,—costumed dolls, made by refugees, French books and pictures, quaint porcelain, the lovely beaded necklaces made by blind soldiers, laces, linens, and ever so many other things, all unmistakably French. Destitute artist *poilus* have designed nursery decorations and soldier dolls, which the women in their families have dressed. Even hand-made blouses are here, and ones of great chic, too. They are of jersey cloth with a braided motif, in an overblouse style copied from a Callot model. These are the things that come from France, and, in return, comforts go to needy ones. The exchange seems more than fair, from our point of view.

SHAWLS FOR THE DESTITUTE FRENCH

A crochet shawl seems like a very homely modest request in return for all that the pathetic old mothers and grandmothers of France have given to the world. The American Fund for French Wounded tell us that it is a simple garment to make, one that takes little time and demands little outlay, but that it will be given to some destitute French woman who has no other warm covering to protect her from the cold. There are thousands of these lonely destitute women in France to-day, and they are looking to America for help. Surely we cannot refuse them the small comforts which it is in our power to give them. One of these shawls may bring more cheer than we can know to some lonely woman who has given her family and home and all her worldly belongings to the cause which means so much to us. Will you not be the one to send it to her? The American Fund for French Wounded, at 16 East 39th Street, will send you the full directions for making these shawls. They are very simple to make, and no one who has had any experience with a crochet needle will have trouble in following the simple directions for their manufacture.

The Latest Arrivals From Paris

French Models That Seem to Be Especially Designed for the American Woman

This Callot gown of soft beige satin has the unbroken lines characteristic of this house. A band of cream colored satin drapes the skirt, and the train is half beige and half cream, while a cream colored rose blooms on the side of the corsage

"Odette," its designers have christened this charming gown of navy blue chiffon and taffeta, combined with exquisitely embroidered white batiste. The taffeta bodice continues into a sash at one side, and the chiffon skirt ends in a deep band of daisy-embroidered white batiste; from Boué Sœurs

Worth created this dignified gown of navy blue chiffon embroidered in gold. The skirt is drawn up in front—as so many new skirts are. The bodice is ornamented with rhinestones, and the skirt reveals a gold lace petticoat in front

Blue serge and straight lines are the main features of this chic Premet street dress. Its trimming consists only of deep horizontal tucks, slashed at the side, and it is girdled with a heavy black silk cord; from J. M. Gidding

Its whole chic lies in its grace of line, for this Callot gown hasn't a bit of trimming. It is of black tricolette, made with the short sleeves of the new mode. The bodice blouses in back; three gowns from L. P. Hollander

Gray cotton voile, embroidered in bands with blue and gray silk, forms this Cheruit dress. It is banded at the bottom with dark blue serge, and graceful panels of serge fall down the sides of the narrow skirt; from L. P. Hollander

"Aupepine" is the official title of a gown of palest pink organdy, exquisitely embroidered in the inimitable French way. The apron is edged with filet lace and there is a tiny tucker of lace on the bodice. A band of narrow blue metal ribbon is run about the waist, beneath the organdy; from Boué Sœurs

Georgette is responsible for this quaint frock. It's really just a slip of sheer white organdy, with rows of fine tucks and ruffles. The coat-like overdress is of black taffeta, trimmed with tassels and fine cordings; from J. M. Gidding

The material is so soft that all that drapery doesn't disturb the slender lines of this Agnes gown of black kitten's ear crêpe. The waist-line is shortened in effect by bands of ruby velvet ribbon which encircle it, go over the shoulders, and tie in back

THESE models, all chosen from the most recent importations of French costumes, were selected for their particular suitability to the American woman. They haven't the most exaggerated features of some of the new models, but they are very characteristic. The slender silhouette is here in real life,—and the slender silhouette doesn't mean that there isn't to be any drapery. There is drapery—but the material is so soft and the draping is so artfully done that slenderness isn't interfered with in the least. Many of the skirts are rather short, and the designers' new little trick of catching them up at the front emphasizes this. Short sleeves are appearing on many of the new daytime frocks,—oh, very short sleeves indeed! And that leads to the problem of covering our arms. The Parisienne solves it—you might know she'd do it in some entirely original way—by wearing short gloves, and a wrap or scarf of fur. In a hotel or restaurant, at tea, she slips off her furs, and looks, in her short gloves and short sleeves, like a small child.

Jenny is one of the favored few who can make a really chic wrap. She has done it in navy blue serge, edged with a broad, stole-like band of blue taffeta, and trimmed with a succession of little navy blue buttons, which run from waist to hem down one side; from Kurzman

alive by sporadic productions of one play at a time, which, acted only for a single season, are never afterward repeated,—such as William Faversham's productions of "Julius Cæsar" and "Othello." If Faversham's performance of Iago is really worth seeing, it should be seen at least a few times every year. Even when Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson was accumulating a comfortable fortune in his later seasons with "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," he never renounced an opportunity to repeat his Hamlet, on special occasions, before a public that was always eager to see him once again in this very finest composition of his long career.

A considerable noise was stirred up about Shakspere in the spring of 1916, on the occasion of the tercentenary anniversary of his death; but nothing notable resulted from it except the fine production of "The Tempest," in the Elizabethan manner, which was delivered at the Century Theatre by Louis Calvert and John Corbin. The unsatisfactory performances afforded by James K. Hackett and the late Sir Herbert Tree did much to disappoint the public; and, the very next season, Shakspere seemed to have been dead for much more than three hundred years. The celebration of his anniversary had actually served to hurt his popularity.

The present season would have touched the date of Shakspere's birthday without any showing of his plays to the theatregoing public of New York, except for the enterprise of Frank McEntee, the founder and director of an institution called The Shakespeare Playhouse. McEntee has contributed a novel and original idea toward the solving of that problem with which we are confronted at the present time. Under ordinary circumstances, it costs a great deal of money—not to count the necessary time and trouble—to assemble a well-selected cast for the production of a Shaksperian play; but it occurerd to Frank McEntee that, if he should schedule his performances at odd hours in the calendar, he might easily enlist the services of many notable actors who were otherwise employed in productions running on Broadway. It occurred to him, for instance, that Tyrone Power, who was earning an honest living in "Chu Chin Chow" every night and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, might easily be persuaded to repeat his notable impersonation of Brutus at other hours in the week. It was to be assumed that an artist of the calibre of Power would rather play the noble part of Brutus than the flub-dub part of a villainous impostor in a sort of three-ring circus; and this assumption proved to be justified when it was put to the test.

The performances of The Shakespeare Playhouse have been shown, at the Cort Theatre, at the unaccustomed hours of three thirty on Friday afternoons and ten thirty on Saturday mornings. These hours were deliberately chosen with a view of facilitating the attendance of children in the schools. At every performance, the house has been sold out; and, on each occasion, more than half of the audience has been made up of young people of the high-school age. It is therefore evident that Mr. McEntee has signally succeeded in his primary endeavour to provide performances of Shakspere for the rising generation. This is a noble and a needed work; and it is to be hoped that the continued success of The Shakespeare Playhouse will lead, in future years, to a condition that will make it possible for the public to attend an adequate performance of one of the major plays of Shakspere on every Friday afternoon or Saturday morning from the outset of October to the end of April.

"JULIUS CÆSAR"

For his production of "Julius Cæsar," which was shown for four performances in the month of March, Mr. McEntee assembled an "all-star" cast which included Tyrone Power as Brutus, Walter Hampden as Antony, Cyril Keightley as Cassius, Albert Howson as Casca, Howard Kyle as Cæsar, and Alma Kruger as Portia. All of these distinguished artists had acted in "Julius Cæsar" at one time or another in the past; and, though they had never played together as a company, it was an easy matter for them to rehearse their well-remembered parts. The production, therefore, could be launched with very little preparation; and the actors thoroughly enjoyed the adventure of depicting these great characters for an audience made up mostly of the rising generation.

The scenery was summarized, and was suggested mainly by different arrangements of hanging curtains and a few set-pieces of stage property. It is, of course, a fortunate fact that Shakspere planned his plays for a stage devoid of scenery in the modern sense, and that therefore it is possible to produce his plays, with entire adequacy, without expending any considerable sum of money for scenical embellishment. The stage direction was somewhat slipshod and betrayed the evidence of haste; but the acting was very far above the ordinary and must be recorded as really memorable. I have seen "Julius Cæsar" many, many times; but I remember no performance which was carried off with more snap and go, more obvious enthusiasm, or more genuine enjoyment, than this recent performance afforded by The Shakespeare Playhouse.

Tyrone Power's very majestic portrayal of Brutus is familiar to the American public because of his appearance in this part in Faversham's production of the play. More notable, therefore, as a revelation, was Hampden's fiery and spirited portrayal of the part of Antony. This was, far and away, the finest depiction of the Roman demagogue that had been shown in New York for twenty years. This actor is an old Bensonian: that is to say, he served for nearly seven seasons in the company of Sir Frank Benson, which is noted throughout the English provinces for its enjoyable performances of Shakspere, and he has appeared repeatedly at the annual Shaksperian festivals in the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. His great performance of Caliban, in the Drama Society's production of "The Tempest," is still remembered by the theatregoing public of New York. Here is a Shaksperian actor, of more than adequate equipment, who is only awaiting an opportunity to carry on the torch. Hampden has already played in England more than seventy of Shakspere's characters, but the public of New York has thus far seen him in only two or three. Cyril Keightley is also an old Bensonian; and he experienced no difficulty in slipping back into the memorable part of Cassius. Whenever these three men were on the stage, the scene was tingling and alive.

The Shakespeare Playhouse has announced a subsequent series of special performances of "Macbeth" and "Hamlet"; and, in both these plays, the leading character will be assumed by Walter Hampden. This actor, whose Hamlet has not yet been shown in the United States, first played the part in London when he was only twenty-five years old; and on that occasion he was hailed by William Archer as the logical successor of Forbes-Robertson. It will be extremely interesting to accept the forthcoming opportunity to study this performance at first hand.

White

This is Flora Zabelle (who is really Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock, you know), who has one of the leading rôles in "Toot Toot," a musical comedy made over from that well-known farce, "Excuse Me," by Captain Rupert Hughes

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 71*)

White

"Pan and the Young Shepherd," a composition by Maurice Hewlett, has been adapted for the stage by the Greenwich Village Theatre—via Granville Barker. Fania Marinoff and Sydney Carlyle are two decorative characters

"GETTING TOGETHER"

The fact has been already pointed out that we have no national theatre in the English-speaking world; and "Getting Together" is the first play that has ever been produced in the United States with government funds behind it. This piece was designed frankly as a bit of propaganda, and it has been financed by the British and Canadian War Recruiting Mission. The play itself—in so far as it may be regarded as a play—was thrown together in three or four weeks by three well-known authors, Major Ian Hay Beith, with J. Hartley Manners, and Percival Knight. One would scarcely expect a work of art to be produced under these conditions; and yet, surprisingly enough, this hurried and haphazard composition shows many indications of those traits that are most to be respected in a work of art.

In appealing to the public for support of any worthy cause, two endowments are absolutely necessary. The first is sincerity, and the second is humour. In the first place, a platform orator must be sincere; he must believe what he says, and he must be obviously willing to live or die for the sake of anything he says. But, in the second place, the platform orator must not be solemn; he must be able to enliven the audience by showing that he is only human after all and does not take himself too seriously. Both of these requirements are triumphantly fulfilled by the bit of propaganda that is entitled—as if in recognition of its hasty and composite authorship—"Getting Together."

From the standpoint of dramatic criticism, the piece shows many faults in technical construction; yet it is, far and away, the most impressive war play that has been exhibited in New York since the fateful summer of 1914. The career of "Getting Together" in the metropolis was arbitrarily limited to a single week, because the British government had previously planned to take the play, for many other one-week stands, to nearly all the leading cities of the United States; but, after the first night, the huge auditorium of the Lyric Theatre was crowded to capacity at every performance.

Blanche Bates returned to the stage in the feminine lead and Holbrook Blinn played opposite to her with a fine cast.

THE UP TO DATE ALBUM

A Plea for the Revival of that Relic of Antimacassar Days, the Photograph Album, in a New and Decorative Form

THE mere mention of the "photograph album" brings with it such visions of antimacassars, wool flowers, and pampas-grass, that one is inclined to greet with derision any proposal to revive it. The comic papers have attacked it to such good purpose that nowadays one encounters it but seldom, and then in the unsophisticated environment of some surburban cottage or farmhouse. These quaint relics of what has been called the Chester A. Arthur period will probably never again find favour, even though another craze for Victorian decoration should break out. But, after all, the idea behind albums was a good one; the crime lay in the manner in which it was carried out. Usually the book was bound in brilliant red plush with the scription, "Album," in white metal, flourished diagonally across its cover.

THE PURPOSE OF THE ALBUM

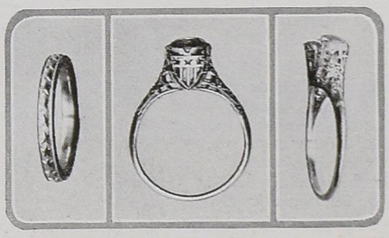
Yet the idea was a good one. People are still having their photographs taken, probably to a greater degree than ever before, and they are still making presents of them to their family and friends. And all of us have collected pictures which are records of good times and which recall particularly happy memories. In consequence, every household has its formidable accumulation—always a problem to the owner. In these days of well-planned decoration, a framed photograph is usually an encroachment, although in some rooms portraits by the best photographers can be placed to advantage with the best etchings and prints. Even so, however, one's wall space is limited, and it is often embarrassing to have to make a choice of pictures to be shown and pictures to be relegated to the darkness of a table drawer. And we scornfully pass over the suggestion of the Indian basket —too often the feature of the "arty" or so called "craftsman" house. It is a dusty horror, not to be considered.

To go back to the album; first of all, we need not call it an album. A book for photographs is quite as good a name and one which makes the start easier. A good size for the book is eleven inches by seventeen, as this is a proper proportion for the average photograph of six and a half by eight and a half inches, or ten by eight inches. The leaves should be heavy enough so as not to wrinkle after the photographs are pasted on. If the photographs are on mounts, they should be removed and so placed on the leaves of the book that the top and side margins are equal in space. Lines drawn around the photograph with India or sepia ink to match the tones in the picture, like those used so often with old French drawings, give it effectiveness. The name of the person may be printed neatly beneath it. If one owns enough pictures to warrant it, separate books may be devoted to babies, children, and grown ups.

The mounts should be of different colours, ranging from pure white and ivory up to dark brown, dark, dark grey, or even black. Some photographs look particularly well when mounted on a dead black mat and bordered with lines in white ink. The different coloured mounts give variety and make the book much more interesting to the person who looks over its pages. The pictures should be tried on the different tones before they are finally pasted in.

FOR THE COVER

Many different kinds of fabrics may be used for the cover of the book. French, Chinese, and Japanese brocades or embroideries make effective covers and are comparatively inexpensive. Some of the old pieces of toile de Jouy or English chintzes, to be found at the decorators or antique shops, make exquisite covers and harmonize with the choicest things. Russian stencilled fabrics are very delightful for the purpose, though they are not easy to procure at present. Then there are fine old velvets and velours which tone in with almost any scheme of decoration. For a room in the Futurist style, batik could be utilized. There are, of course, many other fabrics from which to choose,—and any interior decorating shop would make up such a book. At any rate, here is the idea. Why not try it?



(Right) A patriotic wedding-ring is a plain band of platinum, encircled by a girdle of stars in relief; rings from Reed and Barton

(Left) The engagement ring to be worn with the ring at its left has shields wrought on both sides of a platinum mounting

THE BRIDE *has a* THOUSAND JEWELS; *the* GROOM *but* ONE

(Continued from page 74)

patriotic without being conspicuous about it; when it is worn, one would never think, by merely looking at its light and graceful platinum setting, that if the ring were slipped off and held up for scrutiny one would see that there are, on each side, wrought shields bearing stars and stripes, and that the two small diamonds on either side of the large one twinkle in star-shaped settings. A wedding-ring is designed to go with this engagement ring —a ring engraved all around its platinum circle with stars. These two rings have an unusual dignity, even for wedding and engagement rings; perhaps it is because they express a fine thing very simply. These rings are shown on this page.

It sometimes happens that a woman has a gold wedding-ring that appears an anachronism when it is worn with her more modern rings of platinum. Rings of this sort are now being spun over with a thin layer of platinum which preserves, under a modern exterior, the original ring. No engraving inside the ring is obliterated, for the platinum forms merely a band on the outside.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF BRIDEGROOMS

Of course, when a man marries, his duty, as far as jewellery is concerned, does not begin and end with wedding and engagement rings. Not by any means; any woman will tell you that. There are all manner of marvellous little jewelled gifts that it would be well for any bridegroom or engaged man to know about. For instance, there is the thoughtful little gift of a vanity-case, that secret base where every woman keeps a certain reserve store of all the little attentions her complexion needs from time to time. There is shown on page 74 a particularly ravishing vanity-case made of light green gold, as a base; this is ornamented with stripes of white enamel and narrow bands of diamonds. At the top and bottom of the case is a design worked out in a delicate shade of grey enamel patterned with tiny flowers and engine-turning. This case, with all its convenient compartments for mirror and powder-puff, is very thin and light; it gives none of that effect of being dressed in golden trappings, for the fineness of the material of which it is made has been respected, and it has been wrought with an artist's workmanship.

For the woman to whom a puff of a cigarette means as much as a puff of powder is a cigarette-case that she may have always with her, exquisite enough for any costume. The shape of this cigarette-case is new and beautiful. It is an oval cylinder, about five inches long, of green gold, striped finely with white enamel and banded with diamonds at the top and bottom. From the bottom of the case is a pendant tassel made of seed pearls and attached by a mounting of gold carved in a lovely design. The case, which holds six cigarettes, is carried by a chain made of enamelled links and ending in a bar by which it is held. This bar has another use; it contains a lip-stick and eyebrow-pencil that pull out, one from each end.

A gift much less elaborate, but one that does a very clever and useful thing, is a gold shopping-case about two inches long with the slim width of one-half inch. It is shown in the middle of page 74. Between the thin engine-turned gold covers of this case is a tiny book of perforated leaves upon which are printed the name and address of the owner. A leaf from the book with the direction, "Send and charge," saves a great deal of time in shopping.

Then there is the particularly smart gift of a lorgnette that can be worn in the evening as well as with a daytime costume, because it resembles a very beautiful pendant, although it is as practical as a lorgnette should be. This is illustrated as it looks closed up in the middle of page 74. The lenses of this lorgnette are of a particularly efficient shape and set at an angle that enables the wearer to hold them so that her hand does not so much as brush her well-groomed cheek—an arrangement that has its advantages. But it is the mounting of these lenses that is so very lovely; a fine filigree of platinum is set with diamonds and small bits of onyx which act as an effective foil for the brilliance of the diamonds. These lorgnettes come in several very unusual designs, varying from a pear shape to an oval, and they are equipped with an ingenious spring. It is not necessary to press a button or clasp to release these lenses; it requires only a slight pull on the chain upon which they are worn. The advantage is that they can be released and held with one hand in case the other is occupied with a muff or purse.

THE FIANCÉ IN UNIFORM

One other jewel that belongs to her of the uniformed fiancé is the service pin. Of course, service pins, whether they are of enamel on gold or precious stones set in platinum, are all alike in design—a red border, a white centre, and a blue star in the middle; but when they are made of rubies, diamonds, and sapphire, set in platinum, they are very beautiful.

Even if this article is written especially for the bride, it would be very difficult, if not heartless, to let slip by the opportunity to tuck in a gift for the groom. There is, for instance, a little gold photograph-case as thin as a piece of cardboard —literally—and with room for two photographs in it. This is shown in the middle of page 74. It has hinged covers, like a book, decorated with engine turning and is very smart without sentimentality.

ART

(Continued from page 68)

figure as a part of a composition, the second was the more truly a portrait, which brought the emphasis to bear on the interpretative rather than on the decorative side. Very different from either of these was the painting by Felix Russman, "The Black Bottle," which gained the third prize.

A survey of the exhibition as a whole found portraits few in comparison to landscapes and to figure compositions. The "Portrait," by Philip L. Hale, though able and interesting, was obvious and unimaginative in colour. It was, in fact, less unusual than that by William L'Engle in which a turquoise green background and a costume in darker tone with a touch of orange, lent life and interest to a pleasing portrait. As a study in red, Kenyon Cox painted the "Portrait of Mrs. Leonard Cox," with fine drawing and modelling. The portraits which hung in the place of honour in the Vanderbilt Gallery were those of "Mrs. William M. Chase and Her Son, Dana," a dull canvas begun by the late William M. Chase and finished by Irving R. Wiles.

Of the figure compositions, "Youth," by Max Bohm, was the most decorative and the biggest in its handling. It was freely and simply painted with an elimination of all detail which might detract from it either in drawing or in colour. Of the Indian paintings by Couse, "The Water Carrier" was a disappointment; it did not breathe the spirit of true interpretation as did "The Smoker," which was painted freely with a feeling for colour—in golden fire and reflected lights.

The growing popularity of Indian life as a subject for painters was evident again at the exhibition of the National Academy of Design, where "Going East" won for Walter Ufer the Thomas B. Clarke prize

Yet by far the largest class in the exhibition was that of landscapes. "The Snow-bound Village" was painted from Redfield's palette of soft grey blue and gold, but was confused in composition, while "Early Spring," by Lawson, was fresh in opalescent green. Landscape without figure or habitation was the "Hills of Bennington," by Chauncey F. Ryder,—one of his quiet sensitive interpretations of nature.

Ritschel and Waugh and Butler showed paintings of the sea which were easily distinguished and characteristic of their work with one exception, that of Butler's colour which one can not but question in the "Golden Sunrise." There was a freshness and an atmospheric clearness in George Bellows' "Easter Snow," and a swift brilliant vermilion note in Charles Woodbury's "Challenge," in which a vermilion boat glides in a swift stream which is alive with the boat's reflection and with that of golden cliffs.

Taken as a whole, the exhibition was not one which in any way fairly represented the best of American art which is being painted to-day or has been painted recently, a fact which is deplored when the possibilities for an exhibition of the very first rank exist in paintings from works of our foremost artists of to-day.

THAT SUNDAY FEELING

ONE hears a great deal about three-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, but how about the magnificence of a spirit that goes over the top of two o'clock on a Sunday afternoon; the Sunday afternoon, that is, of those vague but much talked of beings who are the backbone of morality and the despair of art—the middle classes.

It is they who are responsible for that barbaric feast known as "Sunday dinner"; the upper classes do not, and the lower classes obviously can not, consider their servants; but our bourgeoisie cling to the tradition that by having dinner in the middle of the day on Sunday they are turning a Christian spirit kitchen-ward. Hence the horrid custom, prevalent in religious communities, of following up hours of listening, in an overheated building, to the opinions of one person (without the opportunity of refuting them), by the consumption in an overheated dining-room of combinations of starch and carbohydrates calculated to sustain an Eskimo family through an arctic winter.

Of course the original Sabbatical idea was excellent—but the vice of overeating did not exist in the Garden of Eden; the only mistake there was in the choice of food. The introduction, however, for the observance of the Sabbath, of a combination of overeating and underexercising has produced the two P. M. Sunday torpor, a state which is, perhaps, best expressed in the blank and putty coloured stare of a *tête de veau à la vinaigrette*, an utter negation of mental processes, amounting to a vacuum abhorred by nature and all right-minded people.

This sort of thing, it will easily be seen, tends to produce the greatest of national calamities, the suppression of the individual. History and Bernard Shaw go to prove that original thought and large quantities of food are incompatible. Much has been written of the suppression of the individual under Prussianism, but any one who has travelled in Germany knows that the deplorable German habit of making life one long Sunday dinner is responsible for quite as much uniformity as the Hohenzollerns.

Sundays vary, of course, and thus give the illusion that one is perhaps more endurable than another. There is the Continental Sunday, a light-hearted festival, due to those frivolous and superficial traits of the Latin races, of which one hears so much and sees so little. There is the British Sabbath—a topic which must be passed over hastily, in these days when every one is staggering under about all he can stand. If any one doubts the theory of predestination to damnation, he need only spend a Sunday in Edinburgh to be convinced of its claim to fact. The effect of a London Sunday (especially if it be a rainy one) on one's resolutions, is best left unsung.

There is Sunday in the city, which gives one the sensation of sitting in a seat behind a pillar in the top balcony of an incomprehensible and endless Chinese play; there is Sunday in the small town, where life, and family parties in Fords, pass one by with equal swiftness.

There is Sunday on shipboard—a hideous punishment never fitted by any crime, but practically abolished in these enlightened days of U-boats. There is Sunday in bed, especially when one has a bad cold; and there is, though it seems incredible, Sunday at Atlantic City.

The truth is, Sunday is like a bad conscience; wherever one goes to elude it, one finds it already there.

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